

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE COAL MINE CALAMITY, SEPTEMBER 6TH, 1869—VIEW OF AVONDALE AND PLYMOUTH, PA., THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 21.



THE COAL MINE CALAMITY.—DISCOVERY OF THE VICTIMS IN THE MINE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 21.



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EDWARD S. ELLIS'S  
GREAT STORY,  
THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

We reprint in the Supplement sheet, which is given gratis to our subscribers, the opening chapters of this remarkably interesting story. It is one of the greatest literary productions of the day, founded on facts notorious to many persons residing in the State of New York, but is, in reality, rather a vivid relation of events which happened a few years ago, than a mere work of the imagination. Its facts are sensational in the highest degree. In the course of the narration much crime, of a dark and hideous character, the work of desperate men, is brought to light. Indeed, from the opening to the closing chapter, "The Hidden Treasure" will be found deeply absorbing. We ask for its opening chapters an attentive perusal, satisfied that those who commence will not fall, with a feeling of unusual interest, to follow it to the end.

The Avondale Holocaust—Its Lesson.

We have fully illustrated and described the Avondale coal-mine catastrophe in another part of this paper. We do not wish to recur here to the horrible and harrowing details of an event which might have been, and ought to have been, prevented, and which has brought a heavy burden of blame, not alone on a grasping and reckless coal company, but upon the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and every man in that State. They are responsible not only for a needless slaughter of one hundred and ten able-bodied men, in the prime of life, but for reducing to pauperism some hundreds of women and children. Responsible also, in an economic sense, for annihilating a vast amount of valuable labor, and for imposing a tax of tens of thousands of dollars, either in the form of charity or direct assessment, on the public at large. It may safely be estimated that, on the average, every man who was suffocated in the Avondale mine, was good for twenty years of productive work, which, at the low rate of \$400 a year, would have contributed nearly one million of dollars to the general wealth. This is lost through a sacrifice so unnecessary as to be wanton. Next, we have several hundreds of women and children to be supported and educated by the public at a cost of a sum difficult to estimate, but very great.

We take this view of the matter, not from insensibility to the sufferings of those that have died, or of those whom they have left behind, but to illustrate and enforce this point, namely, that it is not only the duty of the State to protect the lives of its citizens—a proposition which no one will dispute—but also to protect the public material interests against the recklessness, false economy and meannesses of corporations and individuals. Now does any one imagine for a moment this great disaster could have happened if the Legislature of Pennsylvania had provided for the proper inspection of mines, as we presume it does of buildings in the large cities? Assuredly not, for the wooden timber-boxes that lined and covered the only shaft of the Avondale mine would have been pronounced "dangerous" by the least intelligent and thickest-headed Pennsylvania Dutchman, and the mine would have been closed "by authority" until safe substitutes were provided, or an escape shaft opened. The duty of the Legislature to check the greedy recklessness of landlords in this city has been vindicated in making it imperative for the owners of tenement-houses to provide them with fire-escapes, failing in which the proper officers put them up and compel the landlord to refund the cost. But this obvious duty was not performed until several families were roasted alive. The law now permits the Board of Health to forcibly enter and purify infected and filthy houses, and if need be, evict their occupants. But this plain sanitary requirement was not legalized until the people became pale in reviewing the rapidly swelling bills of mortality. The fact is, we are slowly, but we hope surely, ascertaining what the duties and responsibilities of government are, and less regardless of the clamor about individual and corporate rights, which cannot exist in conflict with the public weal. Selfishness and greed, as well as ignorance, have got to be legislated against; and if the terrible event at Avondale only directs the course of legislation in all the mining States to the prevention of similar needless sacrifices, the hundred and ten miners may not have died in vain.

A Suggestion to Brigham Young.

If Mr. Brigham Young, of Utah, has really what he is credited with having, an ambition to be "Prophet, Priest, and King," he will not hesitate long in improving on the suggestions of an able correspondent—the first reviewer,

by-the-way, of the Book of Mormon—in another column. We can scarcely doubt that the chief of the Saints has already had dreams of an empire, where Gentiles would cease from "troubling," and the faithful be at rest—a dream which we all would only be too happy to see realized. A Mormon State, independent and prosperous as it most certainly would be, would receive prompt recognition and protection, if it needed it, from the United States. We have treaty relations with nations possessing infinitely more repulsive "institutions" than polygamy, with few of the really good qualities that so conspicuously distinguish the Mormons, and which command the respect of the world. These qualities would be all the better appreciated if their possessors were to establish themselves somewhere beyond our present or prospective borders. We should get rid of a cause of trouble and possible bloodshed, while the means of aggrandizement and proselytism would be greatly extended to the Mormons themselves. Who knows but the dusky natives of Polynesia might be induced to accept what there is good in Mormonism when sugared by the delicious delights of having a dozen wives, while glorifying God by their possession?

IN PLUM ISLAND RIVER.

BY MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

It was the day before the wedding, and Bessie had not found it in her heart to be married and off to the California sierras without first running down from her village—fifteen miles away—to see me, all the more that everything was ready for the event, and time hung on her hands. Our house was full of company, and there was not a single niche for confabulation.

"Suppose we take a little sail?" said I. "Royal and the dear old savant shall go too, and keep the skipper engaged, and you and I can have the side of the boat to ourselves."

"I should like it of all things," said Bessie. "I have been thirsty for the river the whole spring. And there will be no delightful water-parties out there in the old Spanish wilderness. Oh, what happy times I have had on your river!"

"What nights we had in Egypt!" quoted Royal.

"Can I be back in time for the train this afternoon, if I go?" asked Bessie, with a little anxious blush.

"Why, certainly, or else we won't go at all," I answered. "We'll not make them haste to the wedding, and find no bride, nor even a bride all blistered and burned. And then, bethinking myself of all the possible accidents, I began to add: 'I don't know as it is exactly prudent—'

"Yes it is," said Bessie. "Isn't it, Royal? Besides, I want to, and I will! I must be out on the wide water, and feel once more how free I am before I—"

"Become a slave?" asked the smiling savant, for he and I had had a friendly tilt apropos of that subject.

"Oh, no, no!" said Bessie, with a willful toss of her pretty head.

"At any rate, a charming sort of slavery, Bessie," said I, from the height of my dozen years' experience of marriage.

"Such happy slaves that we refuse to be emancipated," said she.

"That's the way you women do," said the savant, in his gentle irony. "You have compassionate hearts, and when you find inevitable fate is slipping the fetter over a sister, you cheer her, and gild the fetter. By-and-by she discovers in what a slave she has been drawing water, but hides her knowledge, and lets the next neophyte work out her own destiny. It is the Danaides inverted. I never wondered at the Danaides—I only wonder that all women do not rise in the same rebellion. I suppose there are always some soft-hearted ones among them, like Mrs. Royal, though."

"Well, well," said Royal, "perhaps I might evolve from my inner consciousness some facts relative to the last statement; but if we degenerate into philosophy, Bessie may be wrought upon to renounce matrimony altogether, and we shall find a ladder, at the end of the wharf, growing a rung longer with every proposition."

So Bessie tied a veil over her hat, and took her parasol, and we strolled down to the wharf, Royal and the savant preceding us, and securing the boat and the skipper. There was only one boat in when we reached the wharf, it being such a pleasant day that all the others had gone down to the Point—the reef of sand that the ocean has thrown up along the mouth of our river, to guard himself against its torrents, pouring out upon him with the headlong energy of the stream whose boat it is to be the busiest and turn the most spindles of any river in the world. However, any boat would have pleased us that day, for the broad, wind-riveted surface in one enamel of sapphire and silver was so inviting that we would willingly have gone to sea in a bowl. Near us the quivering reflections of the masts made the depths of the dock itself alluring, for across the way the long pastures and the drooping elms, all breathed upon by a blue haze of heat and distance, seemed a very land of dreams; and out at sea, beyond the glaring white lighthouse, where the bright lazulite line lifted itself against the sky, the ships were to be seen with their phantom wings spread and tempting the horizon, and one was drawn to be a part of all that wild, free life. As it happened, though, our boat was the best upon the river, and, concerning the skipper, the owner assured us he could find no better if he had his pick from all the sailors in the harbor. So we tumbled in a keg of water, a pea-jacket and an army blanket, and followed our-

selves, and, before we knew where we were, were flying gloriously before a wind that blew every megilim to tatters. The boat, good or bad, was too large for much shoal water, as I saw myself, with all my ignorance, but being snubbed when venturing the hint, I had cast my fortunes in with her, and said no more. I had my doubts too about the skipper, a handsome-like fellow, with a worried forehead—for a man may be an excellent boatman, and not know a mile of our strange streams; but Royal discovered that he had been at school with a brother of the man's, and that settled the question at once. Yet, notwithstanding that unanswerable argument, when I learned that the skipper had gone mate on a voyage to the East Indies, then I knew we should be aground on every patch of grass before us; for knowing how to sail a ship out of Boston and into Bombay is a very different thing from knowing how to take a big centre-board boat down Plum Island River. I signified some of my doubts to Bessie, but the little, headstrong beauty declared she didn't care, and she was going to see the creeks and marshes again if she didn't get back before night. Dear me—before night!

The mouth of the Merrimack is a singular and uncanny region, and unless one orients well in the beginning, it is always a mysterious geographical puzzle. Nearly all the way across the sea has built two bulwarks of sand—the one Salisbury Point, a narrow strip, on the front of which shipwrecking breakers beat, while at the back lies still water, and the other the long desert of Plum Island, which not only lies across the Merrimack, but runs down the coast for nine miles of dreary sand-dunes, whose desolate yellow heights are sparsely wreathed by branches of the wild purple plum and the poison ivy. Beyond these two adjacent points the dreadful bar works its wicked will, and between them two lighthouses, at night, show the narrow and dangerous channel, which changes in every storm, with "the scream of a maddened beach dragged down by the wave," to such an extent that many people yet living remember to have seen an old fort of the early wars standing upon both sides of the channel.

Possibly it was this state of things that caused the river to try and find another course for itself, and accordingly it brought down its rack and grass-seeds and raised a great piece of salt-meadow known as Woodbridge's Island, and then proceeded to pour a portion of its waters on the other side of that and into the little rift between Plum Island's length and the low edges of the mainland. It succeeded in this attempt for some half-dozen miles, when it was foiled by the great sea again, who, without interrupting himself at the first channel, called up his reserves and sent his sand and silt tumbling in round the bluff at the other extremity of Plum Island and over the Ipswich Bar, so that this stream appearing to be for the first half of its bright looping length a mouth of the Merrimack, is at the other half an estuary into which empty the Plum Island, the Ipswich, the Oldtown, and the Rowley rivers, while its chief peculiarity is that any boat drawing more than a heavy dew usually takes it only at the half-tide, since, at a point nearly midway of its length and known as Sandy Beach, the tide turns in two different directions, as if from a watershed, that portion of the stream which is an arm of the sea turning back to its source, and that portion which belongs to the Merrimack turning back in the opposite course to empty with the rest of the Merrimack at the original channel between Salisbury Point and the lighthouses, so that a boat starting at half-tide has the current with it all the way. The whole great creek, however, being, except for hay-barges and pleasure-parties, totally un navigable, by reason of its constantly accumulating alluvium, of the meadows which it submerges, and the sand-spits thrust upon them, it is unbuoyed and unmarked, and those who enter it do so at their own risk and peril. It is not a very perilous place, though, as the deep water is confined, to narrow currents, and the rest of it is chiefly so shallow that you can frequently touch bottom with an oar, not to say with your finger; there is not a rock known there on which a boat could be gored, and there is nothing to fear upon it, since one expects a party to have provided itself with a boatman capable of managing the craft so that it shall not capsize, and of running it into shore, should it be disabled, before it could drift down beyond the bluff and into the wild white breakers of the Ipswich Bar. Added to this charm of safety, there is the greater one of an almost magical beauty that urges one thitherward—for the stream, at low tide winding down its dozen tortuous miles in great bow-knots of silver among the emerald-green marshes, is at high tide one sheet of lustre mile after mile in width, the barrier of the purple Oldtown hills and the brown backs of the Ipswich Hundreds far away upon one hand, and on the other the singular truncated sand-mounds of Plum Island, looking in the distance like castellated and battlemented ruins that still might be peopled by some strange unreal race. For the rest, at all tides the stream is a labyrinth of creeks and inlets; by night the ray of the lighthouse, over the sand-hills, instead of helping, misleads badly as an *ignis fatuus*; by day one may be sailing this moment in apparently unfathomable depths, and the next be fast aground for six hours; and by day and night only long habit can tell the wary eye the exact turn, the absence or presence of a haycock, the opening, differing by one grass-blade from another, which shall carry you smoothly up to harbor-water, or land you high and dry among the marshes over another tide, where you swelter or shiver, and hunger and thirst, but console yourself with sight of such colors, in the water as are not elsewhere to be seen, beryl-green running over the white sands, rich depths of emeraldine sparkle, pools as wine-dark as Homer's seas, a whole unbroken heaven soaring overhead, a sunset or a sunrise or a canopy of stars doubling itself in glory in the depths below, but always an immense desolation, an enchanted loneliness.

"Well," said Royal, after he had explained something of this to the savant, "shall we run out to sea across the bar, or beat about the harbor, or try Plum Island river?"

"Plum Island," said Bessie, decidedly. "No consequence what the others wish. You are here to oblige me, and my will is sovereign. If we go out to sea I shall be sick, I always am, and have a headache to-morrow, and I shall lose the sight of all my white waters and green thatch in there that I may want for an ineffable refreshment some dusty day out beyond the Rocky Mountains. Besides, I want to catch a lobster! so, Plum Island, please," with a little ecstatic motion.

"But, Bessie," said I, "I must say that if we go in there, the chances are ten to one against our getting out before midnight, and then you cannot reach home before to-morrow morning—just think, your wedding-day, and tired and tanned."

"I don't care," said Bessie. "If John can't—can't marry me, tired and tanned, or burned to a crisp, he can let it alone, and I'll come back here and go down river again. There!"

"But they'd be so worried, Bessie—"

"Do 'em good," said the naughty thing. "How many times have I waited for John, waited and wondered and worried, when he's been enjoying himself in some danger or other, and has come back and laughed at me! Now he'll know how nice it is!"

Royal was so disgusted by this bit of selfishness, that he told the skipper to run across the flats, for nothing but to punish her perhaps, since he knew how the tides served that day and how long we might be delayed.

"It don't make no difference to me," said the skipper; "my wife knows what my business is, and won't fret to death if I'm out till midnight; but you know we have to take the half-tide on this here river, it's half-tide now, and wind fair to go down fluking, side-wind, good to go down or come up. But once down, the tide don't serve so's to give water enough to come up with till 'leven o'clock to-night."

"Can't we start as soon as the tide turns?"

"Shouldn't durst. Be ashore on every blade of grass 'twixt there and Newburyport."

"Perhaps it will turn a little earlier!"

"If there's one thing tollable certain, it's the tides, miss. That's a thing you can pin your faith to in these latitudes."

"Well, suppose we don't get up till midnight?" said Bessie, desperately. "Royal will take me home in the buggy—won't he?" said the coaxing little witch.

"To be sure he will," said Royal, quite won over, and heedless of the six hours' loss of sleep that would bring him.

"Then put her down Plum Island river," said Bessie to her sailing-master; "and John'll think I'm so precious I've been kidnapped. And I'd rather be there to-night than anywhere else in the world! And I do wish John were only here too!"

"It'll be pretty poky coming up at midnight, miss—moon ain't big as a broken biscuit—specially if we lose our way—"

A suspicion crossed me there, not for the first time—and the savant must have had a similar fancy, for he said quietly, "I suppose you know the river?"

"Used to—every thread of it. Been down once this season—used to go every day. But being away to the Indies so long, I don't feel familiar as I did. However, guess I know it's well as most any one."

"He don't know a drop of it," I said to myself, "and if the wind or the tide fails us, he'll be of no more use than a figure-head; and Royal don't know it either—there he is sketching that seine-boat into his notebook and not hearing a word—and what shall we do?" And though there was no earthly danger, yet the possibilities began to borrow from the unknown, and I felt uneasy and wished Bessie, less eccentric and more like other girls, had staid at home.

"I hope you do," said the gentle savant, "for it is very important to me to take the early train myself to-morrow—"

"You?" said Royal. "You do nothing of the kind."

"My dear boy, I must," said the savant. "I received notice to-day of a famous tumultus to be opened on Monday, and unless I leave in the first train to go west, I shall miss it, and I would not for my right hand—for I may find the inscription I have sought so long, some character that would settle the whole question concerning that lost language—three words, two, would do it. If I should, I should have the last link of one great theory, or else should throw it entirely out of joint, and the solution of the grand problem of the unity of the Indian races on this continent depends entirely upon the boat we are in, for if I am absent no one will dream of looking for the inscription, no one else studying that subject, and it may be lost forever."

I am confident that both Bessie and the skipper thought none of that was of the least consequence in the world; but Royal knew better, and he turned sharply on the skipper and demanded if he was quite sure of himself.

"Sure as one can be of anything in this slippery place," said the man, with a little nervous laugh, and as the draw of the Plum Island bridge was opening for us, and there was the dislike of retracing our way in the teeth of the strong-setting current, and of displaying our indecision to all the other boats lying about the harbor, not exactly coming to a determination, but drifting, we suffered it to close behind us, and so passed the Rubicon. But though I am no wiseacre, that nervous laugh told me that the savant had lost the chance of finding his stone with the inscription on it. I don't know why we continued, how we could have been so thoughtless and selfish; it seemed to me afterward as if we had been possessed.

There was a splendid breeze, the great sail filled with it, and fled on like a monstrous swan, and presently we were out in the wide



lovely loneliness, no other boat in sight, and nothing from bank to bank but the green and silver network of the creeks and marshes, constantly multiplying as the tide fell and showed us the props of the big brown haycocks which had seemed to be all adrift. Far away before us the opening and skulking distances beckoned on; at one hand, the weird desolation of the great sandy breakwater of Plum Island; at the other, wondrous vistas opening up among the low delightful hills; and, all between, the slipping, sliding shallow water, the dazzling tips of the disclosing thatch trembling in the tide, the free salt wind, the dappled sky.

"It will rain to-night," said I, "or at any rate it will be dark as Erebus."

"Only wind-clouds," said the savant, looking up; "one of them has opened his mouth, and is blowing us along now."

"How you scientific people impersonate the forces of nature!" said Royal. "I suppose now the chemical elements seem to you like potent goblines, hydrogen a god, and oxygen his prophet."

"Sixty-four little deities? No; sixty-four subtle servants—the chemist is king over nature. But my chemistry is an analysis of human elements. I shall have resolved some mighty combinations if I ever discover my inscription."

"Perhaps you will find it down at Swallowbanks," said I. "Why not land there, Royal, instead of going quite to the bluff?"

"Very well," replied my husband. "We will put into Grape Island, skipper. That is a bit of richness," he added to the savant, "lying in the hollow of Plum Island's hand, perhaps deposited by these rivers; it has been there some ages already, for Captain John Smith describes its base-wood trees, and mentions its being a summer resort of Indian tribes, of whom we have found such relics as arrow-heads and sinkers without stint."

"The very place?" cried the savant. "Set all your sails, skipper. Perhaps I may find my inscription on Grape Island yet—with thanks to you, Miss Bessie," added the sweet and gallant old soul. "Nevertheless it is unlikely," he sighed. "Still—"

And with the wind upon our quarter we passed at last the high nests of Swallowbanks with its cloud of wings, and ran into the cove beneath the balconied house of an old farmer and fisherman, where sometimes guests were entertained. Then while the skipper took the big boat back into deep water, where he anchored her, and was rowed ashore in a wherry by the islander, Royal and Bessie ordered dinner, and then assisted the savant and me in search among the old clam-shell banks that, gathered under Indian knives, had slowly moldered for hundreds of years. We understood very well what to look for, for it was only the night before that the savant had shown the two of us a handful of the relics of our early ancestors, found lately in Spain, and belonging to a time far anterior to any of which we have written record, and forgotten long before the first Celt ever set foot on the Peninsula. These things, indicating that the methods of advancement in all races are much alike, since they had been used by white savages, interested us vastly: knife, ax, spear-head, chipped from flint; some well-worn quartz crystals, the jewelry of barbarian belles, who tore their meat with their teeth; an instrument, polished to smoothness, used for dressing skins, and of telling the story of how our ancestors went clothed; something resembling a silver of earthenware, yet, in truth, not pottery, or anything that signified the race had reached the boiling-point, a criterion of civilization, as the savant told us, but the fragment of a bone that had been preserved, where all other bones were dust, by becoming mineralized, and had been originally cleft neatly down the middle.

(Conclusion in our next.)

## MORMONISM:

### Its Progress and Prospects—A New Nationality.

BY HENRY O'RIELLY.

WRITERS and speakers about the Pacific Railroad and the Mormon community generally agree in saying that the extension of the former will prove destructive to the latter, and such seems to be the prevalent impression throughout the land.

Notwithstanding all this, we think there are reasons for supposing that the effect on Mormonism will be directly the reverse. May not the influx of "Gentiles" around them have a quickening rather than a paralyzing effect on the Saints?—turning the energies of Mormonism in a new direction?

The history of this extraordinary sect furnishes ground for supposing that a "new revelation" will soon show them the way out of difficulty. And, without professing to be either a prophet or the son of a prophet, we may now make a few predictions that will probably be substantially realized before the close of this century, if not within the next decade.

Nowhere can there be found any instances of energy and propaganda surpassing those which distinguish Mormonism; for nothing, even in the career of the Jesuits, is more remarkable in those particulars. The settlement of Utah, amid unparalleled difficulties, and the ingathering of converts from all parts of the world, are conclusive evidence on this point.

Almost every civilized country has Mormon missionaries, acting in the double capacity of preachers of their creed and agents for promoting immigration to what they term the State of Deseret, but which Gentiles yet profane call the Territory of Utah. Notwithstanding the length and cost and dangers of the overland journey, after the European converts reached our shores, their caravans, year

after year, have added largely to the congregation of the Saints in their holy city of Salt Lake and its surrounding regions. Under this system, with all its drawbacks, the Mormon community has flourished as hardly any other colony ever before prospered. Complicated difficulties, such as might well appall the stoutest hearts, have served only to strengthen the efforts, if they could not increase the faith, of the Saints. Driven successively from Illinois and Missouri, by violence which prevented their realizing compensation for their property, they reached their present headquarters, then a thousand miles from civilization, with scarcely money enough among their whole tribe to buy provisions for a single month. And yet, what do we now behold, in the way of material prosperity among these people?

The 24th of July last past was celebrated in Utah as the twenty-second anniversary of the first-coming of the Mormons in 1847, their advance party of one hundred and fifty men having occupied many months in the pioneer journey: "And now," said one of the orators of the day—"now we have almost as many thousands." Notwithstanding the polygamy of many of them, it may be said, to the credit of all, that they have shown a degree of industry, energy and perseverance which renders their colony a model in farming and mechanical progress, and in general prosperity, so far as concerns the means of comfortable subsistence. Think as we may about their creeds and polygamic practices, all this may be said with strict justice about their physical improvements in a region which was one of the most unpromising when they were driven to it for a home.

Notwithstanding all we have heard about discord in the Mormon ranks—and they hear probably as much about discord among us—there is little evidence that Brigham Young and his "apostles" are not as influential now as they have been at any time since they became "a power in the land."

Now, is it probable that a people who have struggled thus far successfully amid such complicated difficulties, and whose missionaries all over the world were never more energetic than now in sending recruits for the church and ranks of Mormonism, will tamely allow themselves to be destroyed as a sect or community by the "Gentile" settlers thronging to that region over the Pacific Railroad?

"But how can they help it?" may be asked by some readers. "Will not contact with others, destroying the isolation which Utah enjoyed for years, destroy also that state of things which has hitherto aided the peculiar unity and prosperity of the Mormons?"

If any one had prophesied that Mormonism would have thus long outlived the murder of its founder and his own expulsion from Illinois and Missouri, he would have been considered a dreamer. Yet see what is now accomplished, and being accomplished, by that sect, under the guidance of Brigham Young.

Then, is it not probable that the Pacific Railroad and other causes, especially the search for the precious metals, are producing the exact state of things which will enable the Mormons to sell out their possessions for means enough to found another State, in some large Pacific island or archipelago, where Mormonism, denied political existence in our Union, may raise its flag as an independent power, claiming recognition among the nations of the earth?

Many prominent islands may be readily thought of, which might be bought from their savage chiefs for less money than Brigham Young now individually possesses, for he is reported to be very rich, even in these days of millionaires. All accounts concur in representing that Salt Lake and the Mormon towns and farms generally are such as, if freed from Mormonism, would certainly and quickly attract enterprising purchasers from among the multitudes that are now "prospecting" for suitable localities in the interior of the continent, for mining as well as agricultural purposes, through the regions opened up by the Pacific Railroad. The cash resulting from the sales of the Utah property would enable the Mormons to improve a new location even more speedily and extensively than they have utilized their present locality. The Pacific Railroad would enable them easily to remove their families and household goods to the Pacific coast, whence steamers, under the Mormon flag, could quickly transmit them to their new island home, the voyage forming a pleasant contrast to the tedious and harassing journey of former days "across the plains." By thus locating in an insular position, Mormonism could more readily enjoy the independence which its managers and its masses alike earnestly desire.

Is there anything incredible in this prospect, especially after what we have seen of Mormonism during the twenty-two years since it first planted its stakes in Utah? The extraordinary results of Mormon enterprise and organization in that brief period indicate what may be expected from the future of such an energetic community, strengthened by wealth, disciplined by severe experience, organized more perfectly than ever before for effective industry, and stimulated by the great success already attained in overcoming obstacles that might have appalled the stoutest hearts.

A review of Mormon history will show that whenever great difficulties occurred, the leader, whether Joseph Smith or Brigham Young, purported to have "revelations" concerning what was best to be done, in turning even their persecutions to advantage; and is it not probable that now, when Mormonism is not only refused political recognition, but when its social and sectarian existence is seriously endangered by the swarming hosts of "Gentiles" pouring over the great railroad, some "new revelations" will point "the Saints" to a refuge in some of the many great islands which the Pacific Ocean has ready for their reception, where they can buy from the savages sufficient territory for an independent nation? As a mode of increasing their sect and power, would not this be a most

influential movement? Brigham Young is less sagacious than he is supposed to be, if he has not already fully weighed the importance of exercising independent dominion, trading with other nations on equal terms, and receiving Mormon converts in shipping under their own flag from foreign lands, where missionaries are laboring to secure disciples and immigrants.

Suppose, for instance, that the Feejean Archipelago should be selected as the scene of Mormonistic operations for establishing the independent nationality desired by "the Saints" and their ambitious patriarch. Here is foundation for an empire, which is now actually in the market for sale—and it is now mentioned specially because it is open for a purchaser. It will be recollected that the principal chief lately tried to induce Uncle Sam to become a buyer, stimulated perhaps by a knowledge of Secretary Seward's propensity for dealing in real estate: And out of the purchase-money it was proposed to deduct the sum of \$80,000 due by the Feejeans for outrages on American vessels. The Feejee group is said to be admirably fitted for cotton-growing, producing an article resembling our Sea Island cotton. Mormon discipline qualifies these people for dealing squarely with savages; and, while these savages would not feel any conscientious scruples against Mormon polygamy, "the Saints" could readily teach their rude neighbors to substitute common food for their cannibalistic luxuries. The Feejeans, any way, could not greatly trouble "the Saints," well armed as they are with carnal weapons. Mormon sagacity, energy and discipline would then have a broad and independent field for operations. Increased attractions would then be presented for immigration among the European converts to Mormonism, who would be favorably impressed by the offers of free passage in vessels under the Mormon flag all the way to the shores of the Mormon empire. Very probably the Saints would find Coolie labor useful in raising the great commercial staple, and thus more Mormon shipping could be employed in bringing laborers from and exchanging commodities with the Chinese Empire, if not also with Japan. The cotton trade alone would furnish ample cash resources for opening lucrative commerce with Europe, and with the western coast of America.

In this way a refuge could readily be found for the Utah Mormons, who would thus be placed in position for realizing the isolation and independence which they have vainly hoped for on the American continent—all dreams about which were dissipated by the overthrow of the Rebel Confederacy, from the expected prevalence of whose "State-right doctrines" the Saints expected to be able to establish a State in Utah, wherein they could enjoy their "peculiar institution," just as slavery was formerly protected in the Southern States, and as it would be protected everywhere under the Confederate flag, if Rebellion had been successful. The whole course of the Mormons shows that isolation and independence have been ruling objects with them, in their earlier days even, as well as in their later years. When they settled in Utah, only about twenty years ago, who could have supposed that the "Gentiles," as they style all outsiders, would be now surrounding Utah—much less that a Pacific railroad would so soon be spreading those outsiders in towns and farms across its territory, and that new States, settled more recently than Utah, would be already organized and admitted to the Union, with Utah, the first-born of our interior settlements, "left out in the cold," as a Territory officered by men not of the Mormon faith—under the perfect certainty that that Territory will never be admitted to the Union as a State, while Mormon organization and practices are prevalent within its borders?

The impossibility of realizing the Mormon views on this continent, or at least in the United States, it may be asked, What readier way of effecting their long-cherished hopes of isolation and independence, than by seizing the opportunity for empire by buying and settling in some Pacific island, or group of islands, as herein indicated? The Mormon Future may be considered as substantially foreshadowed in these remarks. With all his weakness toward multitudinous wives, the world at large, in which he is widely known, gives Brigham Young credit for an uncommon strength of mind, sagacity, industry and energy. A "new revelation," suited to the emergencies of the case, will doubtless soon stimulate him to follow the example of an "illustrious predecessor." Like another Moses—no allusion to any Tennesseean being here meant—like another Moses, Brigham Young may withdraw his sect from contact with "unbelievers"—whom Mormonism considers as hateful as the Jews considered their Egyptian taskmasters—though Brigham will have great advantage in his exodus, by sailing away in first-class steamers, under the Mormon flag, instead of wandering and suffering long years in deserts, before reaching the "promised land."

In view of the whole record, and appreciating fully the circumstances now connected with Utah, or Deseret—having before us what that people have accomplished during the short space since their settlement among the Rocky Mountains—we need not be surprised if, before the lapse of another decade (for ten years now work more wonders than a century of old), a Mormon Nation shall be established in some one or more of the great islands which the Pacific Ocean offers by hundreds for enterprise and civilization; a Nation that will quickly infuse life and energy into some of the savage archipelagoes, as remarkably as it has done among regions so unattractive as Utah was when the indomitable Mormon Pioneers first raised their tents on the borders of the Great Salt Lake.

If any former revelations or prophecies stand in the way, they can readily be overcome by new revelations and prophecies, made to suit the times in this progressive age. Such has

been, and such will again be, the case, in the temporal as well as spiritual affairs of Mormonism.

Some people may imagine that the present efforts of David and Aleck Smith, sons of the prophet Joseph, will cause division, if not destruction, in the Mormon community. There is little probability of either result. Another "Smith," their cousin, whose name is Joseph, battles against them—declaring that Polygamy, so far from being an innovation made by Brigham Young, was actually practiced by the "Prophet Joseph" himself, as well as by "Hyrum the Martyr" (his own father), who was killed, along with the prophet, by the Illinois mob. In proof of these positions, he says that his father Hyrum had two wives besides his mother, and that twelve ladies now in Utah know the fact about the Prophet Joseph's polygamous course, inasmuch as they testify that they were "spiritual wives" of the aforesaid Joseph.

But it is needless to multiply words on these points. The way that Brigham Young acquired his position—the manner in which he has organized the Mormon community, and in which he has wielded influence through the world as well as at home—indicate the hopelessness of any such attempt now to subvert his power, or to impede the progress of the Mormon community—especially when their present prophet and leader can display his influence by substantially realizing the prophecies heretofore made concerning the establishment of Mormonism as an independent power among the nations of the earth. The efforts to produce schism, like the effects resulting from the completion of the Pacific Railroad, will probably be found to quicken, rather than retard, the movement of Mormonism toward the National Independence herein foreshadowed.

In connection with these views concerning the Future of Mormonism, it should be remembered that, after the Mormons were driven from Illinois, the earnest aspirations of the new sect for political action pointed explicitly to the possession of California—a region they might well have hoped to control ere long in defiance of its then Mexican owners. While awaiting the report of the exploring party sent in advance to prepare their future home beyond the Rocky Mountains—which barrier it was hoped would for ever separate them from the people of the United States—they cheered their dreary camps on the Missouri river, near where Omaha city now stands in Nebraska, by songs or hymns in joyous anticipation of finding their "promised land" in California.

A single quotation, from an early Mormon hymn-book, will sufficiently illustrate the spirit then breathed through their rude mingrelly—

"We'll burst off all our fetters,  
And break the Gentile yoke;  
For long it has beset us,  
But now it shall be broke.  
No more shall Jacob bow his neck—  
Henceforth he shall be great and free,  
In Upper California—  
Oh, that's the land for me!  
Oh, that's the land for me!"

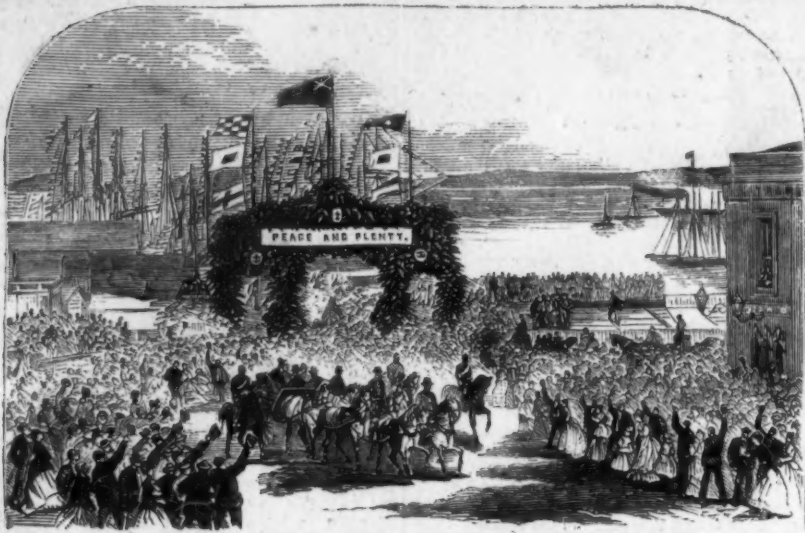
The pioneer explorers, headed by Brigham Young, on reaching the Great Salt Lake, promptly selected the Utah valley, not alone for its resemblance to sacred scenes in Palestine, but also for its suitability as a nucleus where they might acquire sufficient strength for speedy operations on the Pacific Coast, toward which they promptly endeavored to extend their settlements. The cession of all that region, including the Utah valley, to the United States, at the close of the Mexican war, however, destroyed their hopes of political dominion in this way. The division of the region into Territories and States all around Utah, and the refusal to receive Utah as a State, left Mormonism hemmed in by the "Gentiles." The hope then seemed to be that distraction in the United States might enable "the Saints" to attain their object amid the discord of the times. The Mormon insubordination—the trouble which caused an army to be sent at great expense to Utah, in what was called the "Mormon war"—was seemingly a premature movement in this great game—a movement that further indirectly aided the Rebellion, by causing the loss of that army through its treacherous surrender to the rebels on its return to Texas. The suppression of the Rebellion, the preservation of the National Union with increased strength, and the overthrow of those "State-right doctrines" to which they looked for power to maintain and spread their "peculiar institution," finally destroyed all hope for the political independence of the Mormons in the northern part of this continent. The large islands and inviting archipelagoes of the Pacific Ocean, some of which may be readily obtained from their savage occupants, now present the greatest inducements for Mormon enterprise, and the brightest chances for the political independence contemplated by the Mormon institutions and yearned for by the Mormon people.

Careful consideration of the course of the Mormons, from the date of their first settlement in Utah down to the present time, indicates that these views of "the Mormon Future" will, ere long, be substantially realized.

The writer of this article, when editor of the Rochester Daily Advertiser and Republican, wrote the first public notice of the Mormon Bible, of which he was furnished with an "advance copy" from the neighboring town of Palmyra, where it was printed, when Mormonism was in its infancy. The critique on the strange book, which elicited certain vigorous threats from the Prophet Joseph, commenced with the remark that "it would seem there was no delusion so wild that it would not find some votaries." The reader, in these days, may readily judge how far the remark is illustrated by the extraordinary progress of the Mormon people during the forty years since the unpromising origin of their sect.



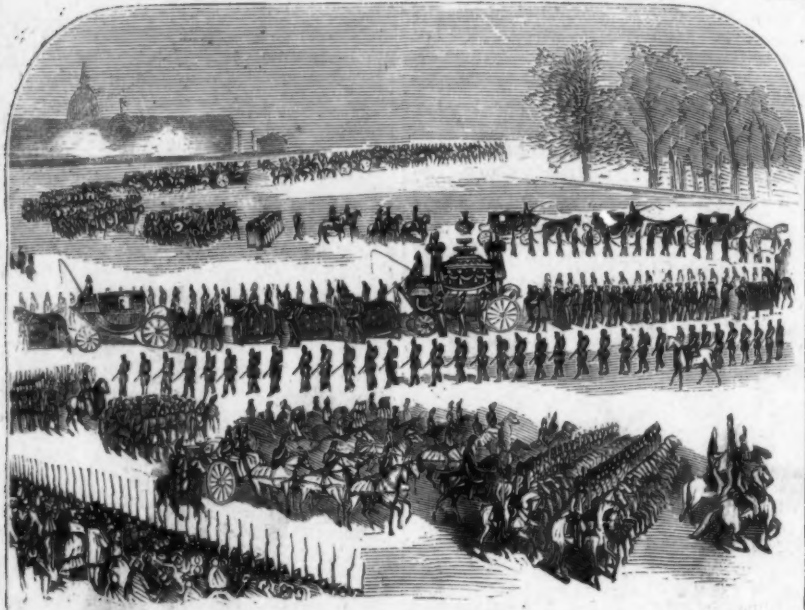
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 27.



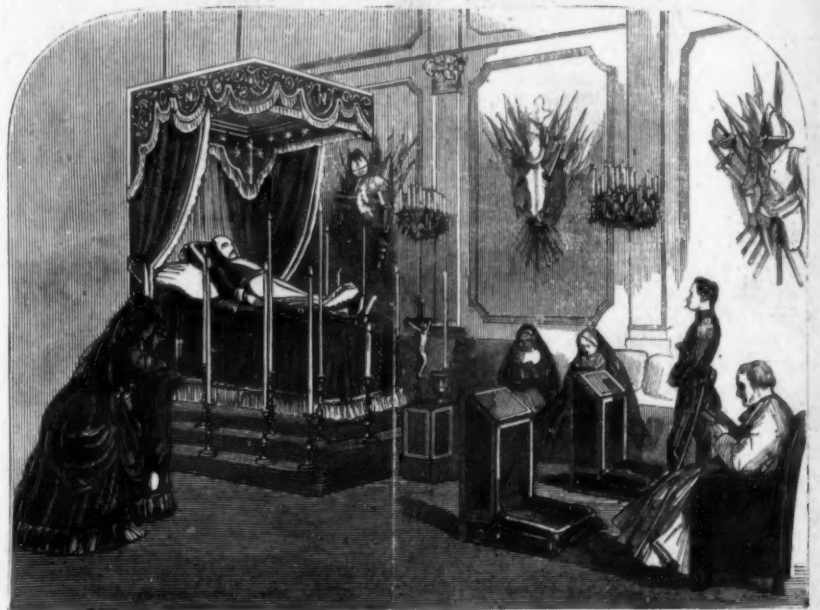
NEW ZEALAND.—RECEPTION OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT AUCKLAND.



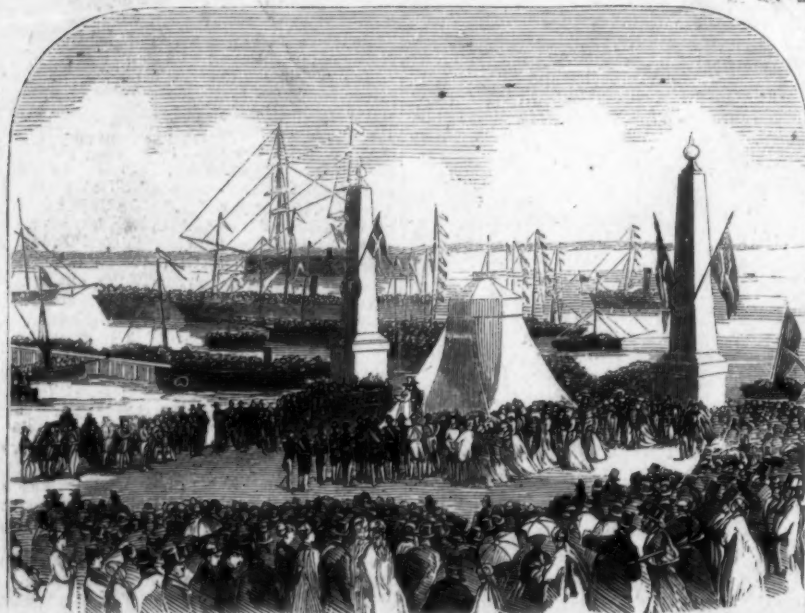
FRANCE.—THE PRINCE IMPERIAL DISTRIBUTING MILITARY DECORATIONS AT THE CAMP AT CHALONS, AUGUST 15TH.



FRANCE.—THE PUBLIC FUNERAL OF THE LATE MARSHAL NIEL, AT PARIS.



FRANCE.—THE REMAINS OF THE LATE MARSHAL NIEL LYING IN STATE, AT THE WAR OFFICE, PARIS.



DENMARK.—LANDING OF THE CROWN-PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF DENMARK AT THE CUSTOM-HOUSE, COPENHAGEN.



FRANCE.—THE FINE-ART PALACE AND MUSEUM OF LONGCHAMPS, MARSEILLES.



ENGLAND.—VISIT OF THE LONDON WORKINGMEN'S CLUB TO HURLINGHAM PARK.



ENGLAND.—THE CRUISE OF THE CHANNEL SQUADRON—THE FLEET LEAVING PLYMOUTH SOUND FOR GIBRALTAR.

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# THE COAL MINE CALAMITY.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., is situated in the Wyoming Valley, on the eastern bank of the Susquehanna river, about 168 miles west of New York. The Avondale coal mine, the property of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Company, is four miles below, on the other side of the river. The mouth of the mine is two hundred feet up the side of the mountain. Over the entrance of the shaft was a "coal-breaker," a wooden building as large as a hotel, in which were the hoisting apparatus, the pumping engine, and the machines for breaking and screening the coal as it was taken from the mine. The mountain rises above the breaker at an angle of forty-five degrees, and slopes gently away below to the water's edge. Groups of mountains stretch away on both sides of the river to the north and south, and the scenery is unsurpassed in the country. A mile and a half to the north lies the town of Plymouth, and eighteen miles further on is Scranton.

There was only one shaft leading into the mine. This was perpendicular, ten by sixteen feet square, and 160 feet in depth. It was partitioned with



SCENES NEAR AVONDALE—RECEIVING CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

the roof, but they paid no attention to it. An hour afterward the keeper of the stables in the mine took down some hay for the mules; when near the bottom of the shaft, he was heard to cry "Fire," and almost at the same instant a column of flame shot up through the ventilator into the engine-room, driving the engineer from his post before he could reverse the engine.

The fire engines at Wilkesbarre, Kingston and Scranton were soon on the ground, and large crowds of people congregated in the vicinity and worked with a will until the fire had been extinguished. The excitement was intense, as it was believed that over two hundred men and boys were imprisoned in the mine, in imminent danger of suffocation, and the victory over the flames was hailed with loud shouts of thanksgiving from the throats of thousands of fathers, brothers, sons, wives, daughters and fellow-workmen of the endangered two hundred.

In the burned breaker was an immense pile of coal. This took fire, and fell in a burning mass through the shaft, filling its mouth up to the depth of forty feet. A couple of hours was spent in removing this, and a dog and a lamp were sent down in a basket, to test the air. These were soon brought up, the dog alive and the lamp burning. A man then went down, and found obstructions about half way, which he could not pass. These were soon cleared with the aid of proper tools, and two men penetrated the gangway beneath to the depth of seventy yards. They reached a closed door, at which

they pounded lustily, but received no response. Outside the stables they found three dead mules. Thomas W. Williams and David Jones went down to make further investigations, and were suffocated to death by clouds of sulphurous gases which began to pour out.

Next morning all work was suspended in the neighboring mines, and crowds of miners hastened to the spot to aid in the rescue of their unfortunate comrades, while thousands of women and children gathered on the hill-sides and filled the air with weeping.

The fatal mistake of rigging a steam-fan over the mouth of the shaft was then made. Pure air was driven in huge volumes down the only way by which the impurities could get out, and the deadly fire-damp was swept back to choke the fated prisoners below. One of the explorers had reported that the fire in the furnace was extinguished, but this was not true, and the air passing over it fanned the flames, and added to the accumulating gases. As soon as this was found out, a hose was brought up, and water was poured down on it, and the flames put out, after burning a long time. Several more descents were made, but without accomplishing anything. The fan was again started, and the work of suffocation went on.

At a few minutes after three o'clock on Wednesday morning four men made the descent, and after an absence of twenty minutes returned with the dead bodies of two of the miners. They were bloated and discolored out of all

human shape, and could only be recognized by their clothing and the different articles in their pockets.

When they appeared above the surface there was a rush of the relatives of the entombed unfortunates to view them, but a strong force of police and a committee of miners kept them back until the bodies had been identified, and viewed by the coroner's jury, which had in the meantime been empaneled, when they were delivered up for burial.

At five o'clock the fan broke, and a party of volunteers soon after descended. They went up the plane, about 1,500 feet, where they met a barrier, consisting of a car, packed around with coal, culm, and clothing, which the unfortunates had hastily erected against the pouring in of the fire-damp. This they removed, and after proceeding a short distance further, another barrier was met, nearly completed, constructed as the first. One man was found dead on the outside, where he was at work laying up the wall. He had finished his task, all but a small aperture, just sufficient to admit the passage of a human body, and was about to crawl through to his comrades, when a blast of the fire-damp struck and strangled him. When this barrier



RIVERSIDE CHAPEL OF THE REFORMED CHURCH, LOWO BRANCH, N. J., REV. JAMES B. WILSON, PASTOR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. PATCH.—SEE PAGE 23.



REV. JAMES B. WILSON.—SEE PAGE 23.

wood in the centre, thus forming two flues, one for entrance of air and the other for the exit of impurities. The mine was first opened a year ago last spring, and in consequence was not of very great extent. About 150 feet from the bottom of the shaft was a furnace, the heat from which rarified the air and caused the gas, etc., to ascend to the upper air. Branching out in different directions from the bottom of the shaft were the galleries, each following a vein of coal, and each provided with an air-tight door.

The mine has not been worked since last May, on account of the great strike which had just ended last week. Doubtless, a great quantity of gas had accumulated during the interval, and when the miners resumed work on Monday last, this was not entirely removed. On Monday morning, a fire of wood was kindled, as usual, in the furnace. It is supposed that the blaze set fire to the gas in the shaft, and the flames spread to the breaker. About eight o'clock some boys at work in a field near by noticed a bluish vapor rising above

was removed, sixty bodies were found behind it, piled upon one another, and all dead. Some had suffered great agony, as was apparent from the clinched hands and contorted visages, but the greater part wore a look of placidity, which told of desperate resignation and quick death. Fathers had their sons clasped tightly in their arms, and comrades grasped each other by the hand. All of these were without coats and shirts, having given them up to stuff the barricades against the gaseous shafts of destruction. They must have lived for some time after the breaking out of the fire, during which they worked with the energy of desperation, but death must at last have come upon them like a whirlwind, and dropped them in their tracks.

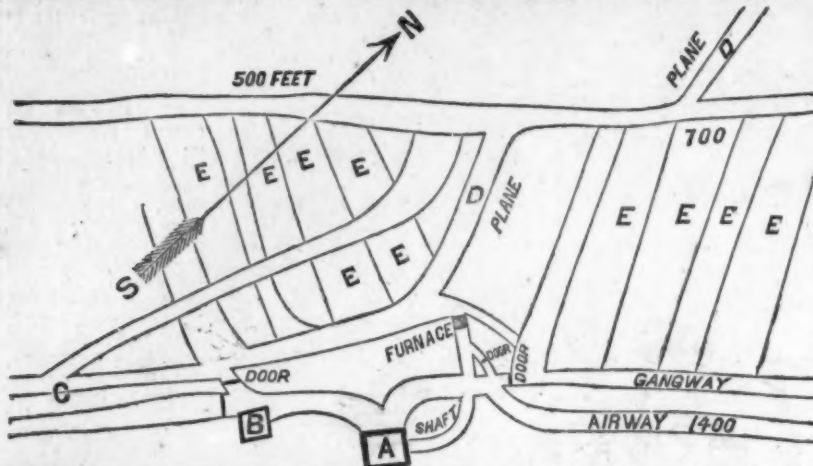
All night long, in spite of the falling rain, the unwearied miners outside worked hurriedly and patiently, taking out the corpses of the unfortunates. This was necessarily slow. The mouth of the mine was obstructed with a mass of burning coal and debris.

A hole had been,



SCENES NEAR AVONDALE—THE COFFINS FOR THE VICTIMS OF THE ACCIDENT.—FROM A SKETCH BY SPECIAL ARTIST.





The above diagram of the interior of the Avondale mine, which we copy from the New York Sun, was drawn by Mr. Henry I. Phillips, Mine Engineer of Hyde Park.

A is the shaft, the only means of egress from the mine.

B is the stables, where were found the first two dead bodies, and also the three dead mules.

C and D are gangways in the space between which were found the bodies of the men.

Over B will be seen the door which was found firmly secured so frequently by the rescuers, and which could not be easily forced open. If this door could have been opened before, the air that was fanned down from the top of the shaft to A, and thence past the furnace to the gangway on the left, would have penetrated the passage, and thus established a free circular current of air.

E-E are different chambers where, it is supposed, some of the men sought refuge.

The space marked Plane and the four E's under 700 are the coolest spots in the mine, and are the places where it was expected the miners had fled.

The reader will not forget to notice where the furnace is situated, as it was from here that some parties aver that the fire communicated to the shaft, and caused the disaster.

The other places marked Door were all found closed.

made in this sufficiently large to admit a man's body, and all who went down were more or less scorched. The elevator had been destroyed, and a temporary one had been rigged from a derrick, which was worked by horsepower. Every time the apparatus came up, the horse had to travel nearly a mile. When a descent was made, the word was given to the men above, and the brakes were loosened. The order "Silence" was given, and everybody stood motionless. At last the rope slackened, and then there was another pause, while the foreman looked at his watch. Nine minutes passed. "Up! up! boys!"—and away went the horse with a man at his heels on a run. The rope ever and anon ran slow, and the cry for more speed was heard again and again. At last heads appeared. "All right" rang out, a rush was made, and the new-comers fell fainting into the arms of their comrades. Their prostrate forms were borne off into the open air, laid under a tree, and they were fanned and rubbed until life was restored.

On Thursday morning 103 bodies had been recovered, when the work had to be suspended on account of the horrible stench which arose from the burst and putrefying bodies of the dead mules, which rendered breathing impossible. This was finally overcome, and at ten minutes past two o'clock an exploring party went down, and in a little while returned and reported that there were no more bodies in the mine. The people above were incredulous of this statement, as the number supposed to have been at work at the time of the accident was much greater. A final descent was accordingly made, and the report was found to be true.

This great calamity has made 59 widows and 109 orphans in this country, besides several in Europe, and on account of the long strike which had just ended, the destitution is extreme. Measures have been taken, however, to alleviate it somewhat, and subscriptions have been started in the principal cities of the Union, which it is expected will soon roll up a half a million dollars.

The company ran special trains to the mines during Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, and furnished coffins for the bodies of their unfortunate employees.

Many of the victims were taken away by their friends and buried privately. Some were buried in squads of ten or fifteen, and there was one large funeral of about sixty at Scranton on the 9th instant. The attendance was variously estimated at from six to twelve thousand people.

The scene was one of awful grandeur. The burning, blazing masses of coal which lay on the side of the mountain in front of the cottages and below the entrance to the mine, lighted up the whole surrounding neighborhood, suffusing it with a greenish illumination, which contrasted weirdly with the glittering lamps on the fronts of the caps of the miners hurrying to and fro. As to the weary determination on the pallid faces of the workers, the low, muttered orders, the wild wailing of the women, and the shrill crying of the children, and an idea may be formed of its horror and picturesqueness.

Food was very scarce, and the supply of water was exhausted by the attempt to put out the fire in the furnace. On Monday and Tuesday not a drop of liquor was allowed to be sold, but on the two succeeding days a number of enterprising people opened booths and tents where refreshments, liquors and fruits were sold, and they had their hands full attending to their customers.

The stormy times in France have yielded a rich harvest to Gabrielle, the beautiful and well-known "newspaper girl," at Paris. She is a handsome young woman, of undisputed virtue, who has established such a reputation that all Parisians and strangers consider it an honor to pay her double price for the papers which she sells, and during the riots she received as much as fifty francs per journal from many of the rich young men about town. She has amassed a colossal fortune already.

In the ruined castle of the Tycoon of Japan is a tall tower reached by many steps, wherein is the golden well, said to be half full of golden Kabangs. If only one was allowed to fish for them. A stone dropped into the mouth knocks this side and that, until the faint splash is quite lost in the reverberations of the fall.

#### WORSHIPED.

O BLUSHES, rise not to my cheek;  
O tell-tale eyes, be clear and gay;  
O lips, no warmer language speak  
To him than simple yea and nay;  
O heart! in thy most deep recess,  
Be safely, surely hid away  
This secret, that he may not guess.

They call me beautiful: alas!  
By him uncared for, what care I?  
Once I knelt down and kissed the grass  
His foot had pressed in passing by;  
A little common buttercup  
That he had crushed, and left to die,  
Still for his sake I treasure up.

O tender Father! is it sin  
To love thy noblest creatures thus,  
Although no answering love we win?  
Art Thou not ever leading us?  
And hast Thou sent this love to me,  
To calm my heart tumultuous,  
And guide me, through my grief, to Thee?

O let me love him to the end  
Most purely; and perchance some day  
He'll take my hand and call me friend,  
When time for love is passed away;  
When eyes that shine when he is near  
Are dim; when golden locks are gray;  
And Death, the angel, draweth near.

#### ALL BUT LOST.

##### CHAPTER I.

PAUL WESTCOTT, a handsome, dashing, improvident knight of the quill—a veritable Bohemian, with expensive tastes and fluctuating exchequer, sat in his elegant bachelor apartments, unusually melancholy. Two causes operated to produce this condition: he was in love, with small hopes of success, and he was in debt, with still fainter hopes of extrication.

This was no new experience for Paul Westcott, however; he could not remember the time when he was free from either of these conditions. A pretty face with him was a temptation impossible to resist, as likewise were elegant surroundings, *petits soupers*, the companionship of all jolly-good-fellows, and a habit of profuse generosity.

That day he had expected to receive a sum, large to him, for some literary work, which had not been forthcoming. On the strength of it he had planned an elegant entertainment for his Bohemian friends at Delmonico's for the next day; but now this project was necessarily abandoned, and the fact led him for the first time to a serious contemplation of his situation. The result was, he resolved to retrench, live within his means, eschew *petits soupers*, literary clubs, and jolly fellows' society, pay his debts, lay up money, and—marry!

Whom? His last innamorata—a Fifth avenue belle, rich, beautiful, admired, for whom half New York ran mad—Paul Westcott madder than all the rest.

And on what sandy foundation was his castle built? A softer smile, a kinder greeting, a warmer pressure of the hand than was bestowed upon other satellites, together with the fact that in a trifling moment she had suffered him to remove her superb ruby ring, and place it on his own scarcely less delicate finger—whereon it now blazed and scintillated with inspiring radiance as its possessor thoughtfully gazed into its lambent depths.

But after all, these might be the artifices of a coquette—the tempting bait that was meant only to lure him on to grace a more signal triumph than the belle in her first season had yet accomplished. Envious tongues called her coquette; and had not his friend Neal Vernon, who had known Kate Marchmont from childhood, warned him against her siren allurements?

What had he to recommend her? A handsome person, taste in dress, certain talents that coined him money, and a certain other talent for spending it as fast as coined—even faster, as his accounts with divers popular restaurants, tailors, and bijouterie-vendors could witness.

And how would these qualifications weigh with the heiress's friends, relatives, her aristocratic mamma's foibles for pedigree—and the

world? "Found wanting" appeared to be the inevitable verdict.

But what cared he for Miss Marchmont's friends, or the world? If she loved him, he felt sure she was just the woman to snap her fingers at them, and take him "with all his imperfections on his head." There was spice enough in her character, he knew, for that! Miss Marchmont was known to be very eccentric—in other words, very independent.

Albeit not over-conceited, Paul Westcott was morally certain that she was not totally indifferent to him. He only arrived at this conviction after a long mental debate, and with habitual impulsiveness he sprang to his feet, threw off the fit of "blues" with the same jerk that sent his slippers flying to the distant corner, drew on his boots, and proceeded to array himself to the best advantage.

"I'll call on the bewitching Kate immediately. It's not a reception night, true, but so much the better—I shall have a clear field, trusting to my own or Kate's tact for getting rid of that pious mamma. I shall know no peace till the thing's decided. Mine to-night or never! Bah! why do I feel so squeamish about such a simple matter as a proposal? Faint heart!"

"Ne'er won faire lady," another voice continued, gayly, as Neal Vernon walked into the room with a gleam in his eye that was not quite a smile or a friendly greeting, but something too cold and sarcastic to be thus denominated.

"Ah, Vernon!" exclaimed Paul, with visible annoyance, which the other apparently did not notice.

"So you're off just when I was congratulating myself on spending a quiet evening with you, old fellow!" said Vernon. "Well, don't let me keep you. I know and appreciate your penchant for the fair. But who is the particular fancy just now? None of my business, eh? All right, my boy, I don't take offense. By-the-way, here's something Dawkins requested me to hand to you this morning. With habitual carelessness I have carried it around forgotten all day in my pocket."

He handed Paul a packet, which, on being opened, was found to contain the expected remittance.

"Just what I was wanting. You have an I O U of mine, I believe, Neal. What was the figure? I confess I have no memory for loans."

"Don't mention it to-night. I may have the scrap about me, but I never transact business after hours, you know, my dear fellow. Catch me at the office any time and I'll agree to accommodate you."

"Then don't blame me if you have to whistle yet for your *quid pro quo*."

"I'll never fear while you can afford to wear such a jewel as that! By Jove! it's magnificent—the exact mate to one I saw at Tiffany's a day or two ago. I don't believe there's a third of the kind in the country. You know I'm a connoisseur—pray let me look."

And before Paul could withdraw his hand, fearing the other would recognize the ring, Vernon had minutely examined it. He did not appear to recognize it, however, much to Westcott's relief.

Vernon, as Paul at length finished his toilet and prepared to go out, proposed to accompany him a couple of blocks, and that distance being accomplished, suggested, as if the thought had just struck him, a brief call on the Marchmonts. To this proposal Paul had no valid objection to make. He was certainly vexed, and vaguely suspected that Vernon had anticipated his destination, offering the suggestion merely to annoy him. But there was no help for it. He could either outstay Vernon, or postpone the object of his call to a more favorable season.

Arm-in-arm the two gentlemen were proceeding toward Fifth avenue, when suddenly Westcott stopped, uttering an exclamation of alarm.

"The ring! It has slipped from my finger!" At the same moment a slight metallic sound was heard as the jewel struck the sidewalk and bounded into the gutter.

There were few pedestrians abroad, and the spectacle of two well-dressed gentlemen almost upon their knees scraping up and sifting through their patrician fingers the debris of the gutter did not attract attention.

Neal Vernon, who seemed as much interested in the recovery of the ring as his unfortunate loser, was immediately behind Westcott, when among a mass of dust, sticks, and other refuse which Paul had just flung back, he perceived a glittering object. It was the ring! At his right was one of those narrow arched sluiceways which serve to conduct the street refuse to the sewer beneath.

Whether accidentally or not, Vernon's outstretched hand encountered the jewel, and with an audible tinkle it rolled along the stones and down the cavity. The sound caused Westcott to turn immediately. Vernon at the same time gave utterance to an exclamation.

"You've done it now, Paul!" he said. "I distinctly saw your ring among the rubbish you threw behind you. It went down the drain, and you may consider it lost now beyond all hope of recovery!"

Westcott's dismay at this intelligence took almost the form of terror. What should he do? How could he now meet Kate Marchmont? He was well aware of the great value of the ring, and also of the fact that she prized it far above its intrinsic worth—it having been a birthday gift from her deceased father. He turned toward Vernon with a face as pallid as if he had undergone some terrible physical ordeal.

"It's deuced unlucky, my dear fellow, but can't be helped," said that individual, with philosophical composure. "Come, come, Paul! You look as though you had met a ghost. Pooh! I've seen you lose twice the worth of that bauble at Saratoga without a sigh!"

"But it was not mine!" gasped poor Westcott. "It was—"

He stopped abruptly, for he had very nearly

betrayed the ownership of the ring, a circumstance that would have compromised Kate Marchmont in a way that would perhaps have lost him her favor for all time. Vernon quickly took him up.

"I understand—a mutual exchange with some sentimental damsel. I observed your seal-ring was gone. What a sad dog you are among the women, Westcott! But, luckily, it can be replaced."

"Replaced! How?"

"As I told you before, Tiffany has the very counterpart of the ring you have lost. The style is peculiar; I could not be mistaken. You can get it to-morrow, have it marked like the original—if that was marked—but it will cost a pretty figure, though."

The rest of the way Paul was moody and taciturn. Vernon in vain tried to rally him. At length they reached the elegant mansion of the Marchmonts. Paul was half afraid to go in. The thought, however, that in case Kate should ask for the ring, which he knew she would not do in Vernon's hearing, he could invent some plausible excuse for its absence, decided him. A vague plan for its recovery was working in his inventive brain, which lent a ray of hope, and contributed toward his decision.

Accordingly he followed Vernon, preceded by the servant who admitted them, and was ushered into the presence of Miss Marchmont, her tiresome mamma, and one or two callers, who had arrived previously.

The beautiful Kate was as resplendent as if it had been the occasion of one of her famous receptions, when, instead of half a dozen to entertain, her saloon was wont to be crowded with the *déité* of the fashion, wealth, art and literature of the metropolis.

Paul endeavored to perform his part in the conversation of the evening, but his recent misfortune was too constantly in mind to enable him to do so with accustomed *esprit*. Even when Miss Marchmont, noticing his preoccupation, came over and sat by him in the shadow of the bow-window, her presence and lively conversation failed for once to inspire his wit.

Kate was too good-hearted to be piqued at her failure, attributing her guest's abstraction not so much to the impotency of her charms as to some all-engrossing thought which possessed him. Suddenly she observed the absence of her ring, and smilingly alluded to the discovery. Westcott answered her with some embarrassment. He had removed it from his finger, he said, from prudential motives, and left it in a safe place at his lodgings.

"If I had thought of seeing you to-night, Miss Marchmont," he added, with a guilty blush at the untruth, "I should certainly have fetched it. Our call was only proposed by Vernon after we had left my hotel. I will send it to-morrow, as I should have done before."

"Or what will be better," she returned, with a smile, "bring it yourself. We ride at four to-morrow—mamma and myself—and we will be happy of your company; that is, if you have no engagement, and are not averse to playing the cavalier."

Paul was delighted at this mark of favor, but was somewhat disgusted when, later, the two gentlemen rose to depart, Miss Marchmont, with an eye to propriety, and also to conciliate her mother, who disliked Westcott, and was very fond of her friend, preferred a similar request to Vernon.

After the visitors had all departed Kate was hurrying away, to escape the lecture which she knew her mother had prepared for her with reference to the invitation she had extended to Westcott. Mrs. Marchmont was standing beneath the chandelier, trying to decipher the writing upon a folded slip of paper, which she had picked off the floor. An exclamation from her arrested Kate as she was crossing the threshold.

"There!" exclaimed the old lady. "Just as I always thought. Read this, Kate." And she handed the paper to her daughter. It was simply a note of hand for a considerable amount in favor of Neal Vernon, signed by Paul Westcott. "I knew that Westcott was poor as a church-mouse. It's strange you will encourage such persons, Kate. This is the way, I suppose, he manages to keep up appearances—borrowing of his friends, cheating his tailors, and the like."

Kate was too much chagrined at her mother's discovery, and too indignant at her remarks, to reply. Whereupon the good lady took occasion to ventilate her opinion of impecunious persons without pedigree in general, and of Mr. Paul Westcott in particular. When she had concluded, Kate quietly arose and left the room.

##### CHAPTER II.

MEANWHILE the unconscious subject of Mrs. Marchmont's animadversion was standing alone in deep thought upon the exact spot where, a few hours previously, he had lost her daughter's ring. The street at this time was deserted, and, passing along, Paul almost unconsciously halted on the curbstone. He had been pondering on Vernon's remark in regard to the duplicate ring which he had seen at Tiffany's. It will be remembered that Vernon had suggested obtaining this duplicate, and returning it as the original. This was a piece of deception, however, that Paul could not bring his mind to stoop to.

His manly nature pointed only to a manly course. He must purchase the duplicate, whatever the cost, but he must go to Miss Marchmont and offer it to her with a frank statement of the actual facts. It was a task which he little relished. The lost ring was, on account of its associations, invaluable; no substitute that he could procure would be adequate to compensate for its loss, he knew. However, there was no alternative unless the wild and apparently foolhardy idea which had been vaguely shaping itself in his brain from the first was feasible. To determine this, it was necessary to obtain certain information which was not accessible before the morrow.



He turned to continue his way, and became conscious that he was the subject of curious scrutiny by a man who stood in the shadow of a doorway behind him, who now, as Westcott's face was presented toward him, came out into the moonlight and greeted him with a smile. Paul at once recognized in this man a lieutenant of police with whom he had long been acquainted. Being of an adventurous tendency, he had on more than one occasion accompanied this officer in the pursuit of criminals, and had, moreover, developed quite a talent for the business.

"Excuse me, Mr. Westcott," said the police officer; "I failed to recognize you at first. My professional instincts, you know, were on the qui vive upon beholding you regarding yonder house so intently."

"I see, Drake, you imagined me surveying the ground for some grand exploit in the housebreaking line, no doubt, when, to tell the truth, I was utterly unconscious of exterior objects for the time. The fact is, I lost a valuable ring down this drain, a couple of hours since. They say a murderer haunts the scene of his crime, and after the same manner I may have been drawn to this spot."

"Indeed, I am sorry for your misfortune. But are you certain that the ring went down the drain?" asked the officer, in a tone which indicated something more than idle curiosity.

"I have proof positive of the fact, and, as the jewel is priceless, I cannot tell you how deeply I lament its loss."

The police officer did not reply for a moment. At length he said, meditatively:

"As I understand the manner in which these drains are constructed, they are led at an inclination into the main sewer."

"I was thinking of that, and wondering if there was any feasible way of getting at the sewer. Otherwise my ring is lost beyond redemption."

"I don't know about that," returned the officer. "It's a little curious that I should have met you here to-night, for, not an hour since, a singular circumstance occurred, bearing directly upon your case. If you have time to spare, I would like to have you accompany me to the station-house, where I will let you into the details of the affair."

Westcott, in whose heart a sudden hope had been inspired by the officer's words, signified a joyous assent, and together they proceeded to the place designated.

In a short time the two were seated in a private apartment of the station-house, where the officer, in a few words, imparted the promised communication. It was substantially as follows:

About ten o'clock that night a man had been arrested and brought to the station-house on suspicion of having committed a burglary. Circumstances fully warranted the arrest, for he had in his possession a valise containing an assortment of valuables, while upon his person also were discovered a loaded revolver, a dark lantern, and one or two instruments that might well pass for burglars' tools.

The presumed burglar, in explanation of these suspicions, stated that he had conceived the idea of exploring the great sewers for treasure; that he had put this idea into execution, and actually had spent the preceding twenty-four hours in these underground passages. The contents of the valise were the reward of his enterprise, while the revolver, lantern, etc., were the necessary accessories to the successful accomplishment of his project.

This story the lieutenant—at that time in charge of the station—and the patrolman who had made the arrest, treated as a mere evasion. A police officer's experience prepares him for the most extraordinary subterfuges on the part of arrested criminals, and as such they regarded this statement. Accordingly the man was locked up to await examination by the proper authority in the morning.

But the meeting with Paul Westcott soon after, and the relation of the circumstance of his loss, by some process of thought induced the police officer to believe that the prisoner's story might, after all, prove true. In this case Paul would undoubtedly derive from him valuable information which might lead to the recovery of the missing jewel. It was to give his friend, therefore, the opportunity of an interview with the prisoner that Drake had requested Paul to accompany him to the station-house.

Accordingly, after he had concluded his narrative, the lieutenant of police led the way to the prisoner's cell, and caused him to repeat to Paul his rather incredible story. This the man did, and on this occasion with such circumstantial detail, that Paul at once was convinced, and even Drake's doubts were, in a measure, dispelled.

In answer to Paul's eager inquiries as to the location of the various sewers, the man exhibited a map wherein the course of each was clearly indicated. By this map, with the aid of a compass and lantern, his course had been easily directed.

Paul Westcott, excited by this narration, and undismayed by the perils of the undertaking, determined to attempt that very night the recovery of the ring by this the only means which he supposed available. Had he known that by awaiting till morning, upon application at the City Hall, a much simpler method would have been suggested to attain the desired end, he would have escaped not only a deadly peril, but also the ridicule of his friend Drake, who in vain tried to dissuade him from an enterprise so full of danger, and from which in all likelihood nothing would accrue.

But Paul was in no condition to listen to counsel that sought to deter him from his purpose. He possessed the quality of courage in no small degree, and with it an impetuosity which nothing could curb, and which demanded the immediate pursuit of a purpose or its utter abandonment.

In a short time he had mastered the necessary details, and returning to his hotel, he

quickly changed his dress for garments more suitable, and without apprising any one of his intention, started on his adventure. He had learned from the map—which, together with his compass, lantern and revolver, the supposititious burglar had readily loaned him—the exact location of the particular sewer to which it was necessary for him, in the first place, to gain access, as well as the relative position of that wherein he hoped to find the object of his perilous undertaking. The outlet of the former he readily found.

It may not be generally known that these sewers, which tunnel the city in every direction, are immense cylindrical tubes, varying frequently from five to eight feet in diameter. Hence their exploration is by no means so impracticable as at first would appear. But dangers the most appalling threaten the daring explorer. These vast ducts form a network complex as that of the famous ancient Labyrinth; and once bewildered in their tortuous windings, death by exposure, starvation, or from myriads of rats which, of great ferocity and huge size, infest them, stares him in the face.

But Paul Westcott, possessing a cool head and undaunted courage, likewise animated by a powerful incentive to urge him on, hesitated only long enough to arrange the implements upon which his success, indeed his very life, depended; then he boldly crossed the frowning portal of the sewer.

After a long and tedious journey, and by frequent consultation of his map, he at length stood beneath the very spot where a few hours before he had dropped the ring. A moment later he crawled through the narrow conductor which drained the cesspool into the sewer, and there, at its furthest limit, upon the top of a little mound of earth and refuse, scintillating in the rays of his lantern, lay the ring!

Eagerly he grasped it, and, scarcely able to believe the evidence of his senses, held it up before the rays of his lantern in unspeakable rapture! Yes, there was no mistake, it was Kate Marchmont's ring, the identical one he had lost! Now crawling back into the sewer, he stopped a moment to determine his course. A faint, pattering sound at this moment reached his ears, which, after listening awhile, he imagined to be some noise in the street above; and then, as he started on his return, the sound ceased, or was drowned in the splash of his footsteps.

The footing being quite insecure on account of the damp and slime which everywhere abounded, he was obliged to proceed very cautiously. The way was also frequently obstructed by heaps of filth and rubbish. According to his calculations, about half a mile's distance would terminate his course in the direction he was now proceeding, when it would become necessary to enter a lateral passage which would conduct him into yet another, that, when once attained, his progress would be direct and unembarrassed.

Either he was greatly fatigued, or he had miscalculated the distance, for it appeared to him that the half mile had greatly increased, and still he had not arrived at the turning-point. At length, with considerable apprehension, Paul stopped to consult his map and compass.

As at the start he had proceeded in a westerly direction, therefore in returning his course should be toward the east. To his surprise he now discovered that he had been pursuing a directly opposite direction, and that instead of approaching the river, he was actually traveling further and further away from it!

This discovery alarmed him for a moment; but invoking his courage, he was about to retrace his steps, when the same sound that he had before heard, but now evidently much nearer and more distinguishable, arrested his attention.

This sound was caused by the irregular pattering of a bevy of rats as they scampered toward him; but ignorant of the ferocious attributes of these fierce creatures, he turned resolutely in the proper direction, when, ere he could take one step in advance, the large, gaunt, and savage horde encompassed him, and with shrill, ravenous cries attacked him on every side!

With an awakened sense of his peril, Paul, by a few vigorous motions, repelled the loathsome things, and knowing that his only hope of life lay in reaching the outlet of the sewer, turned and ran with all his might along the slippery path. Once! twice, he fell! and his enemies were again upon him. But he was soon up and flying, with the shrieking pack in his rear, on either hand, and in front of him. He trod them down by scores, he flashed his revolver again and again in their midst, he struck them furious blows with the heavy weapon when every charge was spent. But still they pursued, still they clung to him, still they returned to the attack!

Their shrill cries filled the noisome atmosphere, as with augmented numbers and aggravated fury they assailed him on every side, bit at his lower limbs, sprang at his throat, until at last weak, panting, exhausted, with great drops of perspiration beading his forehead, with a deadly sickness at his heart, with aching head and reeling brain, the hunted fugitive ceased to run, ceased to struggle, and hopelessly yielded himself to his fate.

At this moment a distant, hollow, booming sound reverberated through the vast chamber and struck upon his ear like a pean of heavenly music. His quickened senses interpreted the sound. He knew that in his fearful race for life he had neared the outlet—the tide was rising and would soon flood the sewer!

"Thank God! thank God!" he cried. "One effort more, one desperate struggle, and I am saved!"

Calling up all his resources, he beat back the eager multitude that were already crawling up his limbs, and with the lantern in his left hand, raised on high to enable him to see clearly and guard against a false step, he sprang forward. But at the same instant a rat, larger, gaunter

and fiercer than the rest, with panther-like spring fastened upon his outstretched hand, and as the sharp teeth sunk deep into the yielding flesh, the lantern, his main dependence, his sole hope and guide, fell from his grasp, struck at his feet, and was on the instant extinguished!

And now, surrounded by a thousand foes eager for his blood, forsaken by hope, and apparently by his God—with the darkness of night without and the blackness of despair within, the hunted fugitive abandoned himself to his fate, while the hollow moanings of the rising surge, swelling to a thrilling diapason, seemed to dirge a mournful requiem!

### CHAPTER III.

THE hour appointed for the drive the next day has long since passed, yet the Marchmonts' magnificent equipage still stands before their door, with its blood horses impatiently pawing the pavement, and its no less impatient coachman cursing the fate which decreed him to be a lackey, to wait in a hot July sun the uncertain motions of those whom he is bound, at so much a month "and found," to serve.

Within the drawing-room of the mansion Mrs. Marchmont and Kate are with similar impatience awaiting the arrival of Westcott and Vernon, neither of whom have yet appeared. Mrs. Marchmont's countenance plainly expresses irritation, while that of her daughter displays a shade of annoyance.

"I declare, Kate!" exclaimed the elder lady, petulantly, "I consider Neal right down insulting to keep us waiting so! As for the other, there may be sound reasons for his delay. I shouldn't wonder if his tailor had put a sheriff's keeper over his best clothes, and compelled your pink of politeness to stay at home!"

"In that case, mamma, my pink of politeness could not consistently have neglected to send a note of apology for his absence," returned Kate, with a smile. "But somebody is coming," she added, as the street-bell sounded; and a moment later Neal Vernon entered the room.

"A thousand pardons for keeping you waiting," he said. "I was delayed at Westcott's hotel. He unaccountably disappeared last night, and has not been seen since. I found a note for me in his room, worded in such strange terms that I am seriously alarmed. It appears that he returned to the house quite late, but almost immediately went out again, dressed, as the night-clerk informed me, in the guise of a common laborer. There is nothing alarming in this fact, however, since he frequently accompanies the detective officers on midnight expeditions under similar circumstances. You have heard, no doubt, of his eccentricities before. But the strange wording of his note, his continued absence, together with the fact that he is heavily in debt, forces me to the conclusion that he has really been obliged to abscond."

"Was not far wrong, after all," said Mrs. Marchmont to her daughter, with a disdainful toss of the head. "Your fine gentleman's creditors have become importunate, and he's just been compelled to—"

The extreme pallor of Kate's face arrested the flow of Mrs. Marchmont's words at that moment. She was a very silly old lady, but a very fond and devoted mother, and her maternal instincts were apt to be alarmed with a greater facility than circumstances frequently warranted. This was a case in point; for as she flew to Kate's side, the latter quickly mastered her agitation, and motioned her away.

"The room is very close, mamma," said Kate. "I am nearly suffocated. Will you be good enough to open a window?"

This was sufficient to blind obtuse Mrs. Marchmont, for the day being sultry, the room was very close. But Neal Vernon was not so easily deceived, and his heart gave a throb of apprehension which caused him to bring his plans to a sudden and immature climax.

"You have a deeper interest than I imagined, Kate, in poor Westcott's disappearance," he said, in an under-tone. "I should have made this announcement less abruptly had I given the matter any forethought."

Kate turned red and pale by turns; then, with a flashing eye, she exclaimed: "Neal Vernon! how dare you hint at such a thing?"

"You misapprehend me, my dear girl," Vernon hastened to interpose. "I have no apprehensions on that score," he added, with a smile which was intended to express his sense of the utter absurdity of such an interpretation as she had placed upon his remark. "No, Kate; I know you to be a woman of too much sense and spirit to allow yourself to give a passing thought to such a man as Paul Westcott. I had reference to your ring, which I discovered last night he had become possessed of!"

"My ring!" exclaimed Kate, blushing crimson, in spite of every effort. "What mean you, Neal Vernon?"

"Her ring! What ring?" interposed Mrs. Marchmont, who, from the window which she had just opened, in compliance with Kate's request, had overheard a portion of the conversation. "You don't mean to say, Kate, that reprobate has got your ring?" And the good lady advanced toward them with an expression of mingled terror and disgust.

"Mamma," said Kate, "there is no occasion for calling names. It is true Paul Westcott has my ring—my ruby—he took it upon a moment's impulse, and I, in a girlish freak, allowed him to retain it. But the act does not constitute him a thief, nor does the fact of his disappearance signify that the ring is lost. Paul Westcott promised to return it to me to-day. I believe him to be a man of his word, as I am certain he is one of the few truly honorable gentlemen whom it has been my good fortune to know and appreciate; and I have such confidence in him, to say that I do not feel the least uneasiness. I am sure he will keep his word, or in a mainly way account for his failure to do so!"

"I cannot but envy a man who has so frequent a defender as yourself, Kate," said Vernon, with his uncertain smile. "I, too, am loth to believe Paul capable of a mean or dishonorable act. Unfortunately, circumstances are against him. He promised to be one of our party to-day, and at the same time restore the ring. Why has he failed to do so?"

"He is here for that purpose, now!" exclaimed the individual under discussion, as, pushing open the partially closed door, he advanced into the room.

Neal Vernon's countenance expressed astonishment, dismay, and rage, alternately, at this unexpected appearance. Kate half sprang toward Paul, with a light of ineffable joy and triumph in her beautiful eyes; while Mrs. Marchmont gazed in speechless bewilderment upon each of the trio in turn.

"I told you he would come!" exclaimed Kate, turning a beaming look upon the abashed Vernon.

"I thank you for your confidence in me," Miss Marchmont, said Paul; "certainly none the less so that it appears you are single in your opinion. A circumstance that I will presently explain delayed me, or I should have been here at the appointed time. Allow me first to return your ring, and I beg that you will pardon me for having retained it so long."

"As for you, Neal," he continued, "I am under great obligations for your friendly solicitude regarding my disappearance, as you term it, and the unfavorable construction you were pleased to place upon it. I have a little story to relate to Mrs. Marchmont and her daughter. Perhaps it would not be agreeable for you to hear it, in which case I have no doubt they will kindly excuse you."

The most uncomfortable man in the world at that moment was Neal Vernon. He knew by Westcott's words that he had overheard the greater portion of the conversation.

"I see I am *de trop*," he said, assuming his habitual smile which failed to conceal his discomfort; and without another word he passed from the room, and out of the minds of the others.

Paul Westcott in a few words explained the circumstance of the loss of the ring and the manner in which it had been recovered. He owed his escape from his perilous situation to the fact that he was much nearer the mouth of the river than he had supposed, and the rising tide, reaching the spot where he stood expecting instant death, to his joy drove the surge legion away. With what strength was left him he managed to gain the outlet, and with an overflowing heart sprang into the dock.

It being now daylight, he was seen and rescued. He had, however, immediately fainted, and thus unconscious, was borne to a dwelling-house near at hand. On recovering from his swoon he sunk into a deep slumber, from which he was not awakened until late in the afternoon. Having experienced no serious injury from his adventure, he immediately returned to his hotel and changed his garments. Learning that Neal Vernon had recently called to accompany him to Marchmont's, according to agreement, Paul immediately hastened after him.

Unfortunately for Vernon's plans, he arrived at the Fifth Avenue mansion just in the nick of time.

Paul Westcott's suit for Miss Marchmont's hand progressed none the less favorably for the knowledge she had possessed of his daring exploit to regain her ring. He was now a hero in her eyes; and that point of admiration being reached, the result can be surmised.

Mrs. Marchmont is now quite reconciled to her son-in-law. She had previously learned, however, that a certain Sir Guy Westcott is permanently mentioned in "Burke's Peerage."

Seaside Chapel of the Reformed Church, Long Branch, N. J., Rev. James Bergen Wilson, Pastor.

The lot where this building stands was purchased in May, 1895. Its location is on Chelsea Avenue, between the Mansion House and the United States Hotel, and within walking distance of most of the other public houses. The building is a Gothic structure, painted dark, and sanded in imitation of stone. Its size is 54 by 92 feet, with a tower 100 feet high, and containing a fine-toned bell.

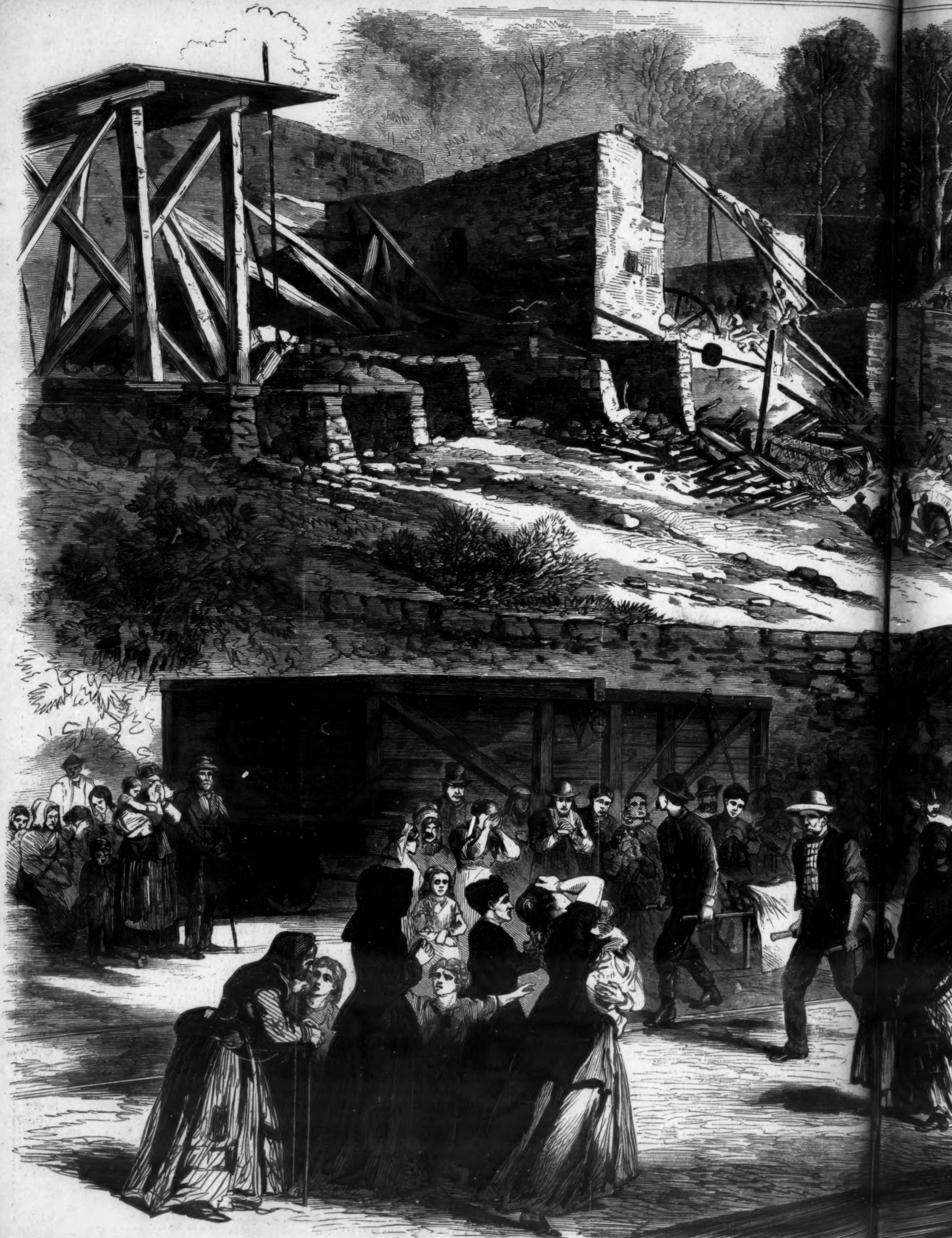
The cornerstone was laid on the 16th day of August, 1895, the ceremony being performed by Rev. J. B. Wilson, the pastor. The original plan of the chapel provided for an edifice only 40 by 70 feet, on account of the limited means at hand for the work, but owing to the generosity of Mrs. Mary A. Warburton, of Hartford, Conn., who subscribed five thousand dollars toward the erection of the building, the place was enlarged.

The whole cost of the chapel as it now stands, including the lot, is \$20,000. The interior of the building is open work, except the sides and ends. The large double roof is supported by two rows of columns united by arches and curved braces of planed timbers, all covered with a light staining, which, under the subdued light through the fine stained glass, presents a plain yet rich appearance. There are three aisles and 142 pews, seating about 700 persons. With seats placed in the aisles the chapel can seat 1,000. The seats are free. Services are regularly held twice every Sunday during the summer, and a Sabbath-school is held at four o'clock. The singing is congregational, plain and familiar tunes being sung. The pastor extends a cordial invitation to clergymen of all evangelical denominations to occupy the pulpit, and during the service there is a very liberal attendance among the seaside visitors.

James Bergen Wilson, the pastor of the Seaside Chapel, was born in 1824, and is a native of Somerset County, N. J. His early life, excepting three years in which he acted as clerk in the mercantile business, was passed upon a farm.

In 1843 he began studying with a view to the ministry. He managed, by teaching school and diligent study, to prepare himself, and entered the Sophomore class in Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J., in 1845, and graduated in 1848. Three years later he completed his studies in the Theological Seminary at the same place, and in July, 1851, was licensed to preach the Gospel. In the following September he took charge of the Reformed Church, Long Branch, N. J., then organized with only nine members. The church has grown under his persevering labors until there are nearly a hundred members in its communion, and its influence is steadily increasing. The church building is neat and comfortable, and by the side of it stands a fine and commodious parsonage, located on the main street leading to the shore. But the great work which signalizes the efforts of Mr. Wilson is the Seaside Chapel, located in the portion of his field of labors along the seashore.

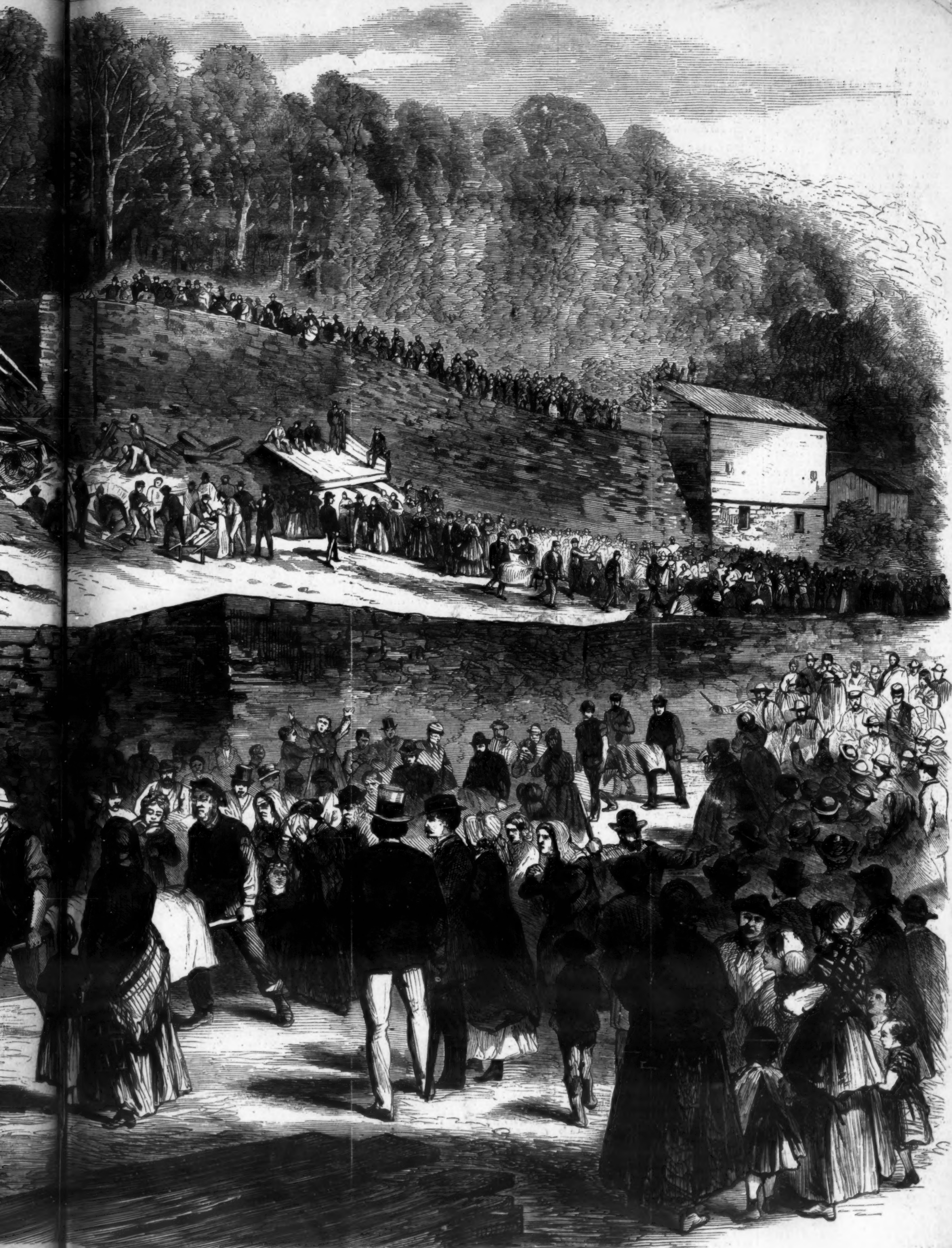




THE COAL MINE CALAMITY AT AVONDALE, PA., SEPTEMBER 6TH, 1869—GENERAL VIEW OF

SCENE—BRINGING





VIEW OF SCENE—BRINGING THE DEAD FROM THE MINE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 21.



## IN THE CITY.

High on the leafy bough  
Along the turrets old and gray  
That crown the city's busy street,  
And sings, this sultry summer day,  
As if from woodland copse it poured  
The shrill, sweet song so sweet to hear,  
While chorused by the city's din,  
The busy stream of life rolls near.

Tall trees with gnarled branch are there,  
In quiet by-ways from the street;  
In silent churchyards, where the dead  
Of many ages sleeping meet.  
On names and emblems quaintly carved  
The branches' flickering shadows fall,  
On antique windows' sombre panes,  
On damp and mould'ring churchyard wall.

Not quite removed from all that's fair,  
This busy town, this tolling mart;  
Not quite shut out from Nature's truth  
By all the counterfeits of art.  
Though tall the houses, still the sky  
Is blue above the crowded way;  
The breezes stir the lime and elm,  
Among the leaves the sunbeams stray.

I am alone, though crowds are nigh,  
I gaze once more on wood and stream;  
A moment's glimpse, the town comes  
back—

Beneath the city trees I dream;  
But, in the vision, far away,  
I felt and heard beneath the trees  
The leafy shade of fragrant isles,  
The murmur of the southern seas.

## The Hidden Treasure.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

## PART I.

## CHAPTER VII.—AT JUDGE WOODLAND'S.

As Fred Weldon walked homeward from his visit to Judge Woodland's, with the pleasant words of Florence ringing in his ears, like the faint sounds of distant chimes borne on the still evening air, and with the delightful anticipation of fulfilling the promise made her, he unexpectedly found himself in view of the Drover's Hotel, and he recalled the engagement he had made with his friend Mr. Smith.

A few minutes later they were seated together in the apartment of the detective, with the door securely locked.

"You probably have suspected my identity," said he, with a smile, as he proceeded to light his inevitable cigar.

"I suspect you to be a detective police officer."

"Correct; you may go to the head of your class."

And thereupon Mr. Squirrek proceeded to state as much regarding himself as we have already made known to our readers, and adding: "For the present I am your friend, plain Mr. Smith. John Smith, if you so wish, traveling for my health, and as such you will remember to address me when others are within hearing. My sole object in this neighborhood is to settle matters with these Mulligan brothers."

"Why do you make a confident of me?" inquired Fred, who thought the proceeding a rather unprofessional one, but who for all that was not a little flattered by the mark of confidence.

"Simply because I can't very well help it. However, if you have any objection, our interview can continue without anything further being said upon the matter," said Squirrek, with perfect sang froid.

"Not at all; don't misunderstand me," Weldon hastened to say. "Upon a matter like this, I wish simply to understand everything, the preliminary steps as well as those which follow."

"Business is business," said Squirrek, in his easy, off-hand manner. "You will admit that my profession requires a tolerable knowledge of human nature. Not until I was satisfied of the timber of which you were made did I conclude to take you into my confidence. I have been studying you ever since you caught my eye in the express train, and the result is the satisfaction of knowing you are the man I want."

"State your case," said the lawyer, observing his hesitation.

"The man who succeeds in breaking up this gang, under the leadership of the Mulligan brothers, makes his ten thousand dollars on the clear, and here is the man who is going to do it!" exclaimed the detective, slapping his hand upon his knee.

"I fervently hope so."

"But I want a partner, and you're the man!"

"Ah! I begin to understand."

"The last case that I was in was in Cincinnati, and while there I gained a thread which has drawn me into this."

"Have you undertaken it alone?"

"I have. There is not a living man who suspects my errand except yourself. I could have brought a dozen men with me, all of whom are used to this sort of business, but I prefer to select my material from this neighborhood, and to follow out my own ideas."

"We two men against eight?"

"There are only seven," interrupted the detective.

"Three-and-a-half men apiece. I don't see the prospect of success."

"The way isn't clear to me, but I have some experiments which I wish to make. Very probably we shall have to organize a vigilance committee, and it is hardly to be expected that we shall receive the whole reward ourselves; but there is no good reason why we shouldn't wind up the career of these scamps within a few weeks or months. Am I mistaken in conjecturing that a few thousand dollars will not come amiss to you?"

"I rather guess not," laughed Fred; "you might hunt a long time before finding one who would be happier to receive it."

"Precisely; then the partnership of Squirrek & Weldon begins from date."

"I am willing. What is my first duty?"

"To hold yourself in readiness to receive my commands, to follow them implicitly, and you shall reap your reward. At present you are to remain in Somerville, where I can reach you at an hour's warning."

"My intention is to spend a week here, at least."

"That is good; when I have anything to communicate, I will see you. I presume I shall meet you at Judge Woodland's to-morrow evening?"

"Will you be there?" asked Fred, in pleased surprise.

"The judge and myself are old acquaintances. I knew him when you were a schoolboy in this town."

"Does he know you are here?"

"Not at all, and I have no invitation to his party; but I shall go, nevertheless, and he will be glad enough to see me."

"Then he, too, will know your errand?"

"I think he has dealt with criminals long enough to be entrusted with a secret," said the detective, with another bland smile.

"No doubt of that."

The interview lasted a half hour or so longer, and then Fred Weldon bade his friend good-day, and repaired to his home.

When he reached the residence of Judge Woodland, on the evening of the following day, he found a large assemblage there, and almost the first thing that attracted his attention was the old gentleman and the detective sitting apart in the most cordial converse.

Fred was known to nearly all assembled, although it must be confessed that the majority were of a class who in a social position were above those with whom he had been accustomed to associate while in his native town.

But his own good breeding, his calm self-possession, and his prepossessing manner made him at home on the instant. Florence Woodland received him with a warmth of manner which set his heart all aflutter and raised his happiness to the highest point.

He found himself seated beside her and engaged in a delightful conversation, which continued until the appearance of the musicians and the clearing of the parlor announced that the preparations were ready for dancing.

Then he had the honor of claiming as his partner that fascinating being, the slightest touch of whose hand was sufficient to send a thrill through his entire being. Through the whirling mazes of the dance he was like one in a rapturous dream, and the moments flew on golden wings.

But the time came all too soon when etiquette compelled him to relinquish his priceless charge, and yield her to others, while he bowed at the shrine of those who, in her presence, were powerless to charm him.

The rose had its thorn, and the powerful emotion that had taken possession of him was alloyed by the sharp pangs of incipient jealousy. A tall, dark, and handsome Spanish-looking gentleman whirled past him, with his arm encircling the slender waist of Florence Woodland, and Fred felt as if he could have smitten him to earth for the sacrilege.

But, when he was introduced to Señor Alvarado Almanaz, a gentleman from Cuba, he bowed low and expressed himself happy to make his acquaintance; although, at the same moment, he would have given anything in the world could it have sufficed to banish the noble señor to his home in the tropical isle.

"I believe I have never seen your Cuban friend before," remarked Fred, when he gained the coveted opportunity of speaking a word or two to Florence.

"No; he is a stranger in Somerville."

"May I ask you where you first met him?"

"At the Sulphur Springs last summer. You know father always spends a few weeks there during each August."

"He seems to be quite a prepossessing gentleman, especially among the ladies."

"He is very accomplished—plays and sings beautifully, and so far as I can learn, is a gentleman."

"Is he staying in Somerville?"

"He is spending a few days with us. He was so kind and attentive to father when we were in Virginia the last time, that he urged him to make us a visit, and he surprised us yesterday by coming in on the evening train. I am so glad he arrived in time to be here with us to-night."

"Yes, very fortunate."

Fred felt that a dangerous rival was on the ground, and a wicked regret flashed through his heart as he thought what a good thing it would have been if the Cuban could have only been a guard in charge of the Adams Express safe at the time the Mulligan gang took a fancy to it.

A few minutes later and the señor was seated at the piano, running his long, jeweled fingers over the keys, while his truly fine voice filled the room with the ravishing music of a Spanish serenade. The whole company were hushed into silence, while the melody delighted their ears, and when he rose from the instrument there was a universal clapping of hands, and even Fred Weldon could not but admit that the plaudits were well earned.

The Cuban showed such marked attention to Florence Woodland that there were none who failed to notice it. He was by her side constantly, and when Fred brushed by them he heard him whispering the most tender and delicate flattery in her ear. He was a good dancer, and there was not a woman present who did not prefer him as a partner to any one in the room; but for all that he appeared to see none but his hostess, and he followed her as the loadstone follows the magnet.

At the refreshment-table he sat beside her, and when the night wore into the small hours,

and the company began separating, the last couple who were on the floor were he and Florence.

Fred Weldon was racked with jealousy; from being the happiest, he was the most miserable of mortals, and he felt like rebelling against the fate that had ever brought him and the fascinating girl together.

"And yet what right have I to any such feeling?" he asked himself, when he had time to collect his thoughts. "What claim have I upon her? There has never a word of love passed between us, and she has never given me a look that meant more than what she has given a thousand others, and that doesn't mean as much, by Jove! as she gave that infernal Cuban to-night."

As he was ready to depart, he made a search for his friend Smith, the detective, and learned that that gentleman had left several hours before, so he walked home alone through the still autumn night, his reflections tinged with a sadness which he had not felt for years.

## CHAPTER VIII.—THE TRIAL.

"FREDERICK WELDON:—You are hereby notified that if you appear as witness against poor Jim Borie, that got kicked by the horse when he was riding with Judge Woodland, you shall not live ten days longer. A word to the wise ought to be sufficient."

This was the missive our young friend received a few days subsequent to the social gathering at Judge Woodland's. It was placed under his door at night, and was given to him at the breakfast-table by his mother. He read it carefully through once or twice, then placed it in his pocket, and finished his morning meal, without enlightening his mother as to its character.

Fred reflected that the captured outlaw, who was then lying in jail a few rods distant, had so far recovered that he was to be brought to trial during the present term of the court, which was then in session. Judge Woodland had so expedited matters that it would probably come on the very next day. Being a witness himself in the case, of course it was out of his power to preside at the trial, but there was little doubt of the conviction of the scamp, who richly deserved hanging.

A few minutes later Fred Weldon was closeted with Detective Squirrek, who, with his chair tipped back, his heels on the table, and the cigar between his teeth, scanned the missive, as he would have done to a bill of fare at the restaurant.

"What do you think of it?" inquired the young lawyer.

"It is a genuine document," he replied, as he turned it over in his hand, and looked at the back of it. "It ought to have been sealed and stamped. But, my young friend, that letter means business," added the detective, in a more serious vein. "Just so sure as you testify against that villain, just so certain will your life be attempted."

"My heavens!" exclaimed Fred, as he excitedly walked the floor. "Isn't it a satire on a republican government? To think that a man cannot give testimony without his life being threatened!"

"Tut, tut! not so fast. There can be no form of human government that can prevent such things entirely. When you get to the top round of your ladder, no doubt you will make all things right. Just now we have got to face the practical facts."

"If subpoenaed I shall testify, if the whole Mulligan gang stand between me and the court-house. I shall go around as I always do, and if I am assassinated, it will be done when I am asleep. I wonder whether Jim and Tom have been warned?"

"Yes; both received letters precisely the same as yours, and both have been so thoroughly frightened that they have gone on an autumn trip to Milwaukee, and won't be back till the trial is over; so that they are out of this business, and, beyor! the judge himself, you will be the only wit'ess."

"But you?"

"Will not be subpoenaed."

"But you can tell as much and more than I can."

"All very true; and I asked the privilege of testifying, but the judge thinks it better for me to remain in the background for the present, especially as there is no real necessity for the statement of any one besides the one whose life was attempted. That, you know, will send the man up for twenty years."

"After which comes the journey to the State Prison, when we shall have to run the gauntlet of the gang again."

"I think it can be done successfully this time. About this warning, I observe that the three are in the same handwriting, which is evidently a disguised one, and there is the curious fact that only the three who were subpoenaed have been warned. I, who certainly know as much as the rest of you, and who am as accessible, have received never a word. Rather singular, ain't it?"

"What does it indicate?"

"It looks to me as if those three missives were written in Somerville by some person whom we have met."

"Have you encountered any person who looked suspicious?"

Fred Weldon recalled afterward that the detective avoided making a direct reply to this question.

"You must not suppose the eight men, or rather the seven as it now stands, are all rough, desperate-looking chaps, who herd together, and show to any countryman that they are outlaws. They may occasionally meet together, but I am well satisfied that some of them pass as gentlemen among gentlemen, and are never suspected of being anything else."

This was rather startling information, or rather conjecture, and gave Weldon a more powerful realization of the extraordinary power which this organization of criminals

wielded, and of the vast difficulty in bringing any of them to justice."

"Have you any particular advice to give?" inquired Fred, when there had been a moment's silence between them.

"Nothing; except that you must go to the trial to-morrow, and give your testimony in as straightforward a manner as possible."

"Will you be there?"

"Deo volente."

As a matter of course, the court-room was crowded on the succeeding day to suffocation, and there were scores who were turned away, unable to gain admission. When the prisoner was produced, all eyes were centred upon him, for it would be impossible to tell how deep was the terror inspired by this association of men in this section of the country.

The prosecuting attorney, when he arose to his feet, showed that none held the gang in more abject fear than did he; and his speech of half an hour's duration was one of the most windy perorations, full of fury, and at the same time containing absolutely nothing.

The counsel for the defense was feelingly eloquent, for he was inspired by the most powerful motives which can sway an abject mind.

But the evidence could not be gainsaid. "Poor Tom Borie" was positively identified as the one who had attempted the life of Judge Woodland, and he was further recognized as the identical villain who still had twenty years to serve for his having been rescued, while on his way to prison before.

The judge's charge to the jury was so pointed, that none of them durst shirk their duty, and they were forced to bring in the prisoner guilty, when he was remanded back to jail to await sentence.

During the proceedings, it became known that each member of the jury had received a warning letter precisely similar to that which had been sent to Fred Weldon and his friends. The detective managed to obtain a glimpse of several of these, and found, as he anticipated, that one hand had written them all.

Among the spectators, Fred noticed two who manifested the most intense interest in the proceedings. One of these was Squirrek, the detective, and the other was Señor Almanaz, and rather anxiously the two sat side by side. The black eyes of the Cuban seemed to burn into the young lawyer, and he bowed pleasantly to him, as their glances met.

There was nothing to be apprehended from an open attempt at rescue in a town of the size of Somerville; but there was reason to believe that everything would be done to get the outlaw out of jail. Consequently the utmost precautions were taken. He was heavily ironed, and placed in the most secure cell, while the guard looked in upon him every half hour during the day and night.

A few days after the trial, the convicted prisoners were sentenced, and "poor Tom Borie" received twenty years' addition to the twenty which still stood against him, so that if the sentence were faithfully served out, there was little to fear from him for some time to come.

On the very day that the criminal was sentenced, one of the jury, who resided a mile or two out of town was found shot dead in the wood, where he was hunting. The circumstances were such as to render it probable that he had been killed accidentally, and such was the verdict of the inquest.

"There is no doubt in my mind," said the detective, as he and Fred sauntered down the street in the gloom of the early evening, the officer smoking his Havana. "The poor fellow has paid the penalty of doing his duty. A little more of this kind of business, and the whole country will be aroused."

"Don't you think the Mulligans are too wise to overleap the mark, and push things too far?"

"Their long immunity has made them careless. I think it will come to this in the end."

"They haven't made the attempt on me yet."

"No reason to think they will not do so. You may depend upon it, you are a marked man."

"Am I to remain here forever, through fear of these miscreants?"

"Not at all; I have been thinking to-day that it is nearly time you returned to your law office at Brampton. But the time has hardly come yet. Wait a little longer. You will soon be swept into a current of events which will make your blood tingle with excitement."

"I do not understand you."

"I cannot explain at present," said the detective, slipping his arm into that of his young friend, as they turned to retrace their steps, and then he added in a low voice, and in a tone thrilling with meaning:

"There is a prize awaiting success of which you little dream!"

## PART II.

## CHAPTER I.—THE SHADOW AND THE VISION.

From the Journal of Frederick Weldon, Attorney and Counselor at Law.

THURSDAY, October 19th. Here I am again in my office, which I left a week ago on a visit to my home in Somerville. Into this one brief week there have been more events crowded than in any year of my life, and as I sit here, late in the evening, transcribing my thoughts and my experiences in my journal, I find myself at a loss where to begin, and what to say.

I am here by the commands of Adolph Squirrek, detective, whom the longer I study the more I respect—I cannot say love—for there is something in the man's nature which is unfathomable, and repels any such emotion. I wonder whether he has a wife or a family, or whether he knows anything of a sweetheart from experience.

"Poor Tom Borie," as he was pathetically termed by his brother pal, is now safely lodged in the State prison at Clayton, and has already served two days of the forty years' confinement which lies before him. I had the pleasure of



acting as one of the guards, and we never caught a glimpse of the distinguished Mulligan brothers, although they could not but have known what was going on.

It cannot be that they have concluded to be law-abiding citizens, and to give up their nefarious practices. Squirrek tells me they have men among them who are the most skillful criminals he ever encountered, and if any one knows, I am sure it is he. He has repeated his caution to me to be on the lookout for danger, and I am as wide awake as a man can well be, but I haven't been disturbed yet, although a suspicious circumstance occurred last night, when I got off the train. When I was walking from the depot to Mrs. Spriggins's, my good landlady's, I became sensible of some man following me.

It makes a fellow feel anything but comfortable, to become conscious, on a dark night, that there is some one treading safely behind him, very likely searching for some place in his back, where he can drive his stiletto or bowie, and, as they say out here, I did some rather "tall walking," but the stranger, who had on a pair of squeaking boots, maintained his distance, and the only escape left for me was to break into a run, and, as it was by no means certain that I could outrun him, I gave heed to my pride, and kept up a brisk walk, which would have looked very natural on such a cool evening in autumn.

When I found myself approaching Blifkin's drug store on the corner, I shut off steam, and slacked up; but my shadow was not to be caught in that way. He did the same; but I thought to flank him, by darting into the drug store, and asking for a selditz, while I kept my eye turned toward the door and window. I did catch a glimpse of a pair of tiger-like eyes, that flashed out for an instant between the blazing globe of red water and the corner of Doctor Blifkin's window; but the proprietor of the said tiger-like eyes withdrew them so quickly that the glimpse upon my part was a very unsatisfactory one.

Without waiting for the selditz, I came out of the store, and looked hurriedly around, but although there were several persons in sight, my man was not among them, and I proceeded at a more leisurely pace toward the house of Mrs. Spriggins, continually glancing over my shoulder, and watching for my shadow, as it seemed to me he might appropriately be termed.

I had come up the narrow graveled walk, and thrust my night-key into the door, when I heard the squeak of a pair of boots, and turning my head, was just in time to catch a passing sight of a tall form, walking very rapidly, by the gate. I could not gain the slightest view of the face, nor even of the particular character of the dress. The night was quite dark, and the man, whoever he was, looked very much like the shadow of a man as it is seen to whisk along the side of a house when passing a street-lamp.

An interesting question presents itself at this point, as to the identity of the individual who has taken such an interest in my welfare. Squirrek would, doubtless, set him down as one of the gang, who is following me with a fell purpose, and, beyond peradventure, if Squirrek said so he would be right.

I am certain only of one thing, and that is, the gentleman who just now is occupying my thoughts is a man of great altitude—certainly over six feet in height. Hold, I have another point—he wears squeaking boots.

Item—Henceforth, tall men in squeaking shoes are to be viewed with suspicion—an unexplored mine, that will pay delving.

When I think seriously over the matter, it looks as though my shadow must have been in the same car with me; but, rack my brains as I choose, I cannot recall any personage who can answer in the least to this general description, unless it be the conductor, and, as he collected full fare of F. Weldon, the motive for his haunting him cannot be understood.

It may be that the mysterious gentleman was in another car, holding me in surveillance. Those tiger-eyes, I should say, would be able to single their victim out among a thousand.

However, their owner must be a man like unto myself, and he is a strange compound if he is not as susceptible of watching. Therefore, if he elects to follow me and scrutinize my movements, I shall do the same with him upon the occurrence of the first opportunity.

## THE MUTINY.

### AN INCIDENT OF THE COOLIE TRADE.

I HAD been practicing as a surgeon in Hong Kong for a few years, when my health falling entirely, I was advised by all my medical brethren to return home; and as a long sea-voyage would probably prove more beneficial to me than the short, hurried journey, with its sudden fluctuations of temperature, of the overland route, I thought it most prudent to proceed by way of the Cape. With a view to saving my passage-money—a considerable sum—I obtained the berth of surgeon on board the British bark *Pride of the Ganges*, bound from Whampoa to Demerara, in the West Indies, with coolies.

It was in the autumn of 1865. We had four hundred coolie emigrants and a crew of sixteen, all told, when we set sail from Whampoa and stood down the China Sea bound to Demerara. All went pleasantly enough for about a week, the weather was fine, and the coolies settled down to this new phase of existence with perfect Chinese immobility. Only one altercation had occurred since we left, and that was on account of an infringement upon the articles of agreement to which they all demurred—namely, a reduction in the allowance of firewood to cook their provisions. Shortly, however, evident signs of dissatisfaction began to show themselves; and from a conversation I

overheard between some of the head men (I understood the Chinese language pretty well) I thought all was not as it should be, and warned Captain Ingalls to be on his guard. He laughed at my fears.

One night I was asleep in my bunk, when I was aroused by a tremendous stamping overhead, and from the mingled imprecations in English and Chinese, instinctively surmised the cause. The coolies had risen *en masse*, and were endeavoring to capture the ship. I bounded from my bed-place, snatched up a revolver, and rushed up the companion-ladder. When I gained the deck, I saw the captain and chief mate standing with their backs against the mizzen rigging, battling with about a dozen men armed with handspikes and iron awning-stanchions; the second mate and remainder of the crew were waging a furious war with the rest of the host forward. Captain Ingalls shot down two of his assailants, I, another, and then a crushing blow on the back stretched me senseless on the deck. When consciousness returned the fight was over, and the mutineers were clearing the blood-stained decks of the slain, by ruthlessly pitching the bodies unshriven and unshrouded into the sea. Mr. Davy, the second mate, was lying near me securely bound.

"Are you much hurt, Dr. Richardson?" he asked, as I raised my head.

"Where are the others?" I inquired, for I noticed a Chinaman at the wheel, steering the ship.

"The captain and mate are killed and thrown overboard; Scotty, Paris, and Dick, were murdered alongside of me forward; Willis, the supercargo, they tortured awfully before they threw him into the sea. I believe he was the cause of all this," he replied.

Just then a man whom I had noticed all along had had some authority over the others, came up to where we lay, and addressed me in the jargon called "pigeon English."

"Hi-yah! doctor. What for you makee fight? Me no wants to hurt you. Plenty man too much sick. And you makee cap'n now," he said, addressing the mate.

"Ah! that's what they've spared us for, eh?" said Davy. "You've to heal the wounded, and I'm to navigate the vessel for 'em. Hang me if I do it, though."

"It will be useless to refuse; you'd better do it, at all events for a while, until we can see our way clearer. These Chinese are so revengeful, that unless you comply, they'll take our lives without any compunction," I answered.

At daylight they unbound us, and placed Davy at the helm under a strong guard, with instructions to navigate the vessel to a point off Meangshan, an island beyond the Ladronez, in the rear of Macao. The head man assisted me to dress a scalp-wound, and lubricated my back with hartsborn and oil; then he ordered me to attend to the requirements of the others who had been wounded in the fray; numbers were very severely injured, but I did my best for them. Five of the crew, who were securely bound down in the fore-castle, next demanded my attention; they were not much hurt, but their lashings pained them. I asked to have them slackened a little; but the reply I received from the ringleader of the mutineers warned me that, if I valued life, I had better not meditate treachery to him. They fed us well, and on the whole were tolerably kind, but we were never permitted out of sight of a strong guard.

The leader explained to me that he, with some others, had shipped purposely to rescue his entrapped brethren, as it was a well-known fact that emigrants were sold as slaves in the Western World, and never returned to their own country. I did not reply, for I could not but admit to myself the justice of his remark.

In ten days we sighted Meangshan, and the second mate was ordered to bring the vessel to an anchor; he did so, the boats were lowered and provisioned, the quasi-emigrants landed, and then we were permitted to proceed on our way with the remainder of our crew. We arrived at Hong Kong all safe, and I at once left the vessel and took passage by a clipper to England, having seen quite enough of the horrors of coolie emigration.

It will scarcely be credited, but it is a fact—as is the whole of this story,—that in less than three weeks, the *Pride of the Ganges*, under another captain, was again at Whampoa, taking aboard a new cargo of coolies for Demerara.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

### Arrival of the Duke of Edinburgh at Auckland, New Zealand.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Auckland, New Zealand, on the morning of May 10, in H. M. S. *Galatea*, of which he is commander. The boat which conveyed him from the frigate to the shore was met and accompanied by three large Maori canoes, manned by representatives of the Ngatiwhata, Rarawa, and Ngaitipaoa tribes, who had paddled out under their own chiefs, gayly decorated with feathers, and singing strains of loyal greeting. Salutes were fired from the *Galatea* and the Naval Artillery Volunteers on shore, and a reception of the utmost cordiality was accorded the distinguished visitor.

### Funeral of the Late Marshal Niel, at Paris, France.

The funeral of the late Marshal Niel, at Paris, was celebrated with all the pomp and solemnity befitting a brave man and a zealous officer. On the 16th of August the body, clothed in the uniform of a Marshal of France, was laid in state at the War Office, and an opportunity granted for his many friends to take a last view of the deceased officer. The coffin, on a raised estrade, was covered with wreaths of fresh flowers, amidst which lay the hat, sword and baton, while on a cushion, valied with crape, were the stars so honorably won and so thoroughly deserved by the late marshal. Watching over it were two sentinels and a group of *secours de charité*. The funeral occurred on the 17th. The coffin, placed on a bier, and drawn by eight horses, accompanied with silver and

black velvet, was followed by the State mourners. Twenty-five thousand men of the infantry, cavalry and artillery were massed in hollow square on the Champ de Mars, where the customary salutes were executed. Seldom had a more brilliant crowd been massed in so small a space.

### The Royal Marriage in Denmark.

The recent marriage of Crown-Prince Frederick of Denmark, and the Swedish Princess Louisa was the occasion of great rejoicing and many brilliant festivities, both in Norway and Sweden. On the 10th ult. the royal couple arrived at Copenhagen, landing at the Custom-House quay, where they were saluted with the firing of guns and the hearty cheering of immense crowds of people. Entering a superb state carriage, the youthful bride and bridegroom were driven through a double line of soldiers and national guards to the Royal Palace of Christiansborg, where they held a grand levee.

### The London Workmen's Club, at Hurstbourne, England.

The members of the London Union of Workmen's Clubs and Institutes were recently entertained by the Earl and Countess of Portsmouth, at their delightful rural seat at Hurstbourne. On their arrival they were heartily welcomed by their generous hosts, and then participated in a variety of rural games and dances. After a bountiful repast, the prizes were distributed by his lordship to the victors in the various games. The festival broke up amid loud cheers for the Queen and Royal Family, and Lord and Lady Portsmouth, and the workmen returned to London greatly pleased with the honor that had been shown to them.

### The Prince Imperial of France Distributing Decorations in the Camp at Chalons.

A pleasing feature of the late Napoleon fete in Paris was the distribution of military decorations in the camp at Chalons by the Prince Imperial, who was delegated to the duty by the Emperor, in consequence of the latter's illness. The prince was well received, although there was considerable disappointment manifested by the troops at the inability of the Emperor to be present in person. There was a grand review of the troops, a felicitous speech of the imperial guest, and a liberal distribution of decorations, from the prince's hand, which probably consoled the recipients for the absence of the Emperor.

### The New Fine Art Palace and Museum at Marseilles, France.

The new fine art palace of Longchamps, at Marseilles, recently completed, adds a new feature to that famous city. The neighborhood where the new palace is situated is spacious, and shady with plane-trees and other arboral productions, suggestive of comparative coolness, and with new houses, sober but imposing in architecture. On the right are the galleries devoted to the mineralogical and zoological collections; on the left, that of painting and sculpture, and the centre is occupied by a kind of vast loggia with Florentine ornaments, forming a rialto which crosses an artificial cataract of the waters of the Durance. The construction of the building was superintended by M. Hausmann, the man whose genius has become known to the world in his reconstruction of Paris.

### The Cruise of the Channel Squadron.

The Lords of the Admiralty sailed from Plymouth Sound, England, on Monday, August 23, with a fleet of war vessels for a cruise which will probably occupy two months. The first port made by the fleet upon leaving the Sound will be Gibraltar, where the Mediterranean fleet will be joined, and the cruise continued. The fleet will touch at Madeira, and at the close of the cruise the vessels will remain anchored off Lisbon several days before their return.

### Loading Sea Island Cotton for Shipment.

On the banks of the Appalachicola river, in the States of Georgia and Florida, the scene represented in our engraving is of daily occurrence. Along the Savannah river also, where the celebrated Kilkenny Sea Island cotton plantation is located, it will be found quite familiar. The steamer is run up to the wharf, and the cotton, which has been baled and drawn to the river, is rolled aboard, and stowed away for transportation to the principal ports of the South, from which it is shipped for various parts of the world. These scenes are always full of excitement, and, to the stranger, the songs, jokes, and antics of the negroes are a source of continual merriment.

### NIAGARA IN DANGER.—The approaching disappearance of Niagara Falls is announced once more.

A correspondent, professing to write from the Falls, says: "The theory that has for some time been discussed with regard to the caving in, or wearing away of Niagara, has this season found new fuel to add to the argument in its favor. Considerable comment has been going the round of the leading papers for a few weeks, with relation to the changed appearance of the Falls from that of last year. The Horse Shoe has evidently given way some 30 feet in that part of the cone where the 'green water' is seen, so that the horse-shoe appearance is metamorphosed to that of a triangular shape. It is thought that about 150 tons of rock must have fallen in on the Horse Shoe alone, and old *habitués* here are taking landmarks to notice the recession that may take place before another year. The American Fall has evidently given way at points to a considerable extent. There is no doubt but that Niagara is crumbling away and falling back, but the present recession is probably the greatest ever witnessed by any one generation. The heavy ice-fields which pass over in the spring, the strong currents and ceaseless wear and tear of time, and the mighty thundering cataract, must inevitably tell heavily upon the rocky crest of the grand old shrine; but, of course, its falling away must be so slow as not to be observable to the eye, except when, from time to time, some of the immense boulders give way."

A COMPLIMENTARY FEE.—Perhaps the most wonderful fee accorded by client to counsel in France or any other country was the honorarium by which Charlotte Corday expressed her sense of obligation to her chivalrous advocate, Chauveau-DeLagarde. "You have defended me in a generous and delicate manner," said the "angel of assassination" to Chauveau-DeLagarde when her condemnation had been pronounced; "it was the only proper defense. I thank you for it; it has made me have a regard for you of which I wish to give you a proof. These gentlemen inform me that my property is confiscated; I owe something in the prison, and I leave to you the payment of the debt."

## NEWS BRIEFS.

The distance in time now between New York and New York is fifty hours! Quick work, Omaha.

An iron mineral spring has been discovered in the city of Newark, N. J.

Since the completion of the Pacific Railroad, California has been visited by eighteen United States Senators.

The 103 New York Veteran Society design erecting a monument in Greenwood to the late Colonel Ringgold.

Six new Roman Catholic Churches have been erected in Iowa during the past year, and all through the exertions of one priest.

The surface of the Belgian pavement in the Fifth Avenue, this city, has, for a considerable distance, been covered with a preparation of asphaltum.

DEALERS in kerosene oil in New York who sell below the legal standard are to be prosecuted at the instance of the Board of Fire Commissioners.

There is talk in England of the Oxford boat crew visiting the United States, and rowing the Harvards on their own waters.

JUDGE DENT, notwithstanding the withdrawal of the Presidential countenance, has been nominated by the Republicans of Mississippi to the office of Governor.

TWENTY schools are to be established in Florida by the Superintendent of Alachua county by the 20th of September. Separate schools will be provided for the white and the colored children.

The oldest man in Indiana is Benjamin Sealf, a farmer of Milesburg, Elkhart county. He was born in Johnson county, North Carolina, on the 10th of May, 1764.

AN intoxicated man was run over at Hartford, Conn., on the 6th inst., by a locomotive, but escaped with the loss of one finger and a slight scratch on one leg.

A NOVEL establishment, at which dogs are to be washed and thoroughly freed from fleas at fifty cents each, has been opened in the neighborhood of Central Park.

ARRANGEMENTS have been completed with quarrymen, masons, bricklayers, carpenters, etc., that will insure the speedy erection of the new building for Post Office purposes in New York.

SATSUMA, the Treasurer of the Japanese Emperor, in the richest of the native princes. He has sent about fifty Japanese youths to Europe to be educated.

PROFESSOR KARL VOGT, the German physician and politician, demands \$20,000 in gold and \$3,000 for traveling expenses, as an inducement to lecture in this country.

The proprietor of the hotel at Rutherford, N. J., killed himself on the night of September 14th, while laboring under a temporary fit of insanity, by sending a bullet from a small pistol through his brain.

THE Home for Aged Men in Boston will occupy its new and splendid quarters on the 20th inst. The citizens of Boston have been very liberal in their subscription toward this charity.

THE National Government is negotiating the purchase of Long Island Head, Boston harbor, for the purpose of erecting a strong fortification on that point.

A DISPATCH from London, dated September 2d, says Lord Elcho, who has taken a very prominent part in the English military volunteer movements recently, has suggested a rifle shooting match between England and America.

THE wife of President Grant visited the widow—then confined to her bed, having recently given birth to a boy—of General Rawlins, on Tuesday, 7th instant, at her residence in Danbury, Conn. The interview was quite affecting.

THE census of Newburgh, N. Y., has just been completed. It is composed of 7,766 males and 8,653 females. Excess of female over male population, 887. Here is a chance for the cultivation of old maidenhood.

WILLIAM and Ellen Crafts, for whose arrest the first fugitive slave law writ was issued, and whose attempted arrest in Boston created much excitement years ago, are about to return to that city from London, where they have long resided.

A WOMAN, named Sarah Boyle, died in this city, on the 5th inst., from voluntary starvation. She was found almost dead in the premises No. 250 West Thirty-ninth street, and on being removed to the hospital expired.

A SPECIAL class for foreigners of adult age has been arranged in one of the night schools of New York, where English is to be thoroughly taught them. The idea is highly approved by foreigners generally in the city, who are deficient in our vulgar tongue.

THE admirers of the Indian game with the French name "La Croise" are making strenuous efforts to introduce it as a national amusement. It was played in the vicinity of New York three days in September.

ONE hundred and ten dead bodies were found in the Avondale coal mine. Subsequent search has failed to find more. It was at one time believed that two hundred and two workers were in the galleries at the time of the disaster.

MIDDLEBORO, Massachusetts, has purchased six hundred pairs of woodchuck ears at twenty cents per pair, this season, and paid \$50 for dead hawks. The people of Middleboro want to be eaten out of house and home by rats and mice.

THE yacht *Meteor*, of this city, owned by George Lorillard, which sailed on a cruise to Europe toward the end of August, has been announced as having arrived at the island of Bermuda. The schooner has been missing for a time, and great anxiety was expressed as to her whereabouts.

A TERRIFIC gale swept over New England on Wednesday, the 8th inst. A melancholy loss of life and a great destruction of property are reported. The coliseum in Boston was unroofed and several churches and other buildings were damaged. The loss in Boston and vicinity alone is estimated at \$1,000,000.

A FAMILY at Duxbury, Mass., descendants of the Winslows, possessors, among other curious relics, the wedding-shoes of Cotton Mather's grandmother. On one of the soles is pasted the original publication of her marriage, taken from the church-door where it was first posted.

It is reported that the agent in New York of the Spanish war department has completed a contract with a prominent firm for three thousand Remington rifles, to be used against Cuba. Captain-General de Rodas sent a telegraphic dispatch through the Cuban cable for six thousand more, to be delivered at the earliest possible moment.

NEW excavations at Ostia (an old Roman seaport) have been ordered by Pope Pius IX. They are to be directed by the Chevalier Visconti. It will be remembered that excavations were made at the same place in 1863, with remarkable success, many of the finest statues now at the Capitol having been found there. The works were then directed by Canova.





LOADING SEA ISLAND COTTON FOR SHIPMENT.—SEE PAGE 27.

### General John A. Rawlins, Secretary of War.

GENERAL JOHN A. RAWLINS, Secretary of War, died at Washington, D. C., on Monday afternoon, September 6, of a disease of the lungs, brought on by exposure during the siege of Vicksburg. The nation has thus lost a brave and earnest patriot, the cabinet an accomplished and conscientious co-laborer, and a

circle of private citizens, numbered by hundreds, a warm friend and a gentleman possessing many pleasing social graces. With his early career and military record the people are quite familiar. The war developed his fine executive talents, and the history of General Grant's military service is the history of General Rawlins. The President and General Rawlins were intimate friends before the war, and when the former received his commission of Brig-

adier-General he requested that Rawlins should be appointed an assistant adjutant-general, and ordered to duty under him. He was appointed Grant's chief of staff, November, 1862, and from that time until General Lee surrendered, the two officers were constantly together. On the formation of General Grant's Cabinet, he was appointed Secretary of War.

On Monday morning he was in a tolerably comfortable condition, and spoke with his ac-

customed earnestness on various public and private subjects. In the afternoon he failed rapidly, and when the affectionate despatches of his old comrades and friends were brought in, he made brief remarks about them, although he could scarcely speak above a whisper.

The dispatch from Lieutenant-General Sheridan seemed to affect him very much: "Will you please give my love to Rawlins. All the officers here send their love to him." In the



THE LATE GENERAL JOHN A. RAWLINS, SECRETARY OF WAR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.



THE LATE HON. WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MAINE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.





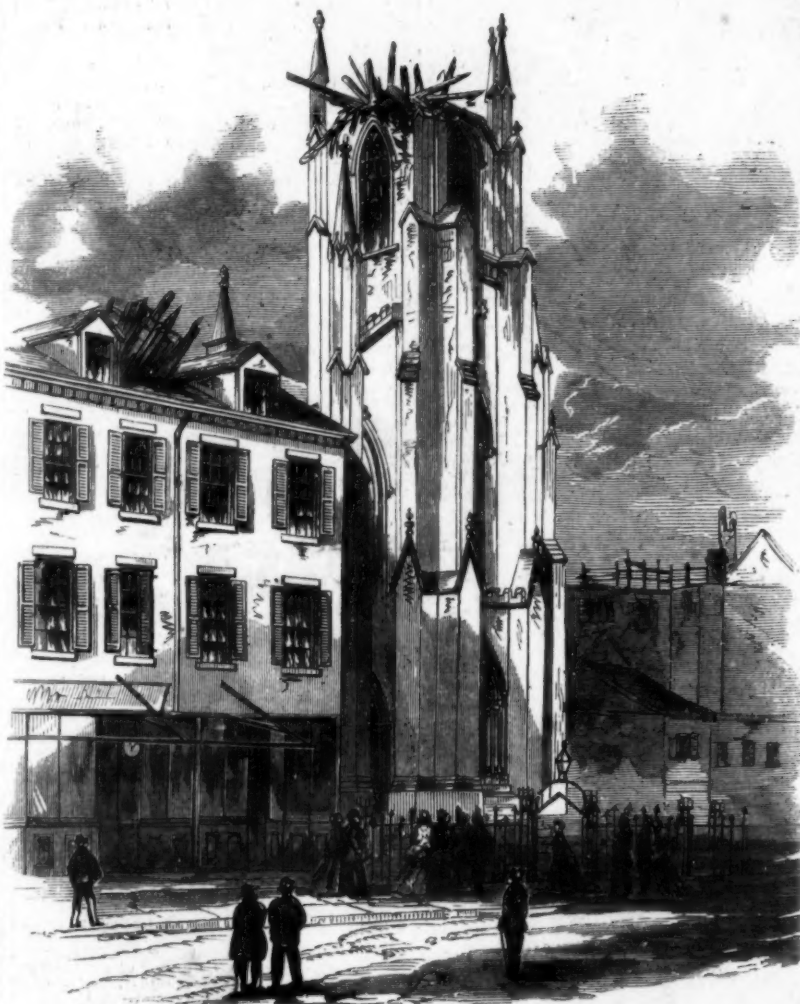
DESTRUCTION OF THE BOSTON COLISEUM, IN THE GALE OF THE 8TH SEPTEMBER.

midst of tears that followed the reading of this message, he said: "General Sheridan is very kind. I appreciate and am very grateful for his kindness. If the love of my friends could do it, I would soon be a healthy man." He recognized his friends up to the very hour of his death, and was able to speak until after four o'clock. His last audible words were, "Raise me up." Afterward he lay very still and tranquil for nearly ten minutes, his pulse feebly beating, when suddenly he raised his head, opened his eyes, and fell back dead upon the pillow. The remains were laid out in a Major-General's uniform, and on the day following were removed to the War Department, to lie in state until the funeral, which took place on the 9th instant. The day after his death the merchants of New York held a meeting to arrange for raising a fund of fifty thousand dollars for the family of General Rawlins. Sixteen thousand dollars were raised on the spot, and subscriptions have been pouring in since that time from various quarters.

#### HON. WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN.

WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN, United States Senator from Maine, died at his residence, in Portland, Me., on Wednesday morning, September 8th, of a disease of the bowels partly caused by poison taken at the National Hotel, Washington, several years ago.

Mr Fessenden was born at Boscawen, N. H., October 16, 1806, and graduated at Bowdoin College in 1823; studied law, and was admitted to practice in Portland, Me., in 1827, where he resided up to the time of his death. He was a member of the Maine Legislature in 1832, and re-elected in 1840; was a representative in Congress from 1841 to 1843; was again in the Maine Legislature in 1845 and 1846, and re-elected in 1853 and 1854, and was elected a Senator in Congress for six years from March, 1853, serving as a member of the Committee on Finance; and in 1859 was re-elected for six years, serving as Chairman of the Committee on Finance. He was a member in 1832 of the convention which nominated Henry Clay for President, and also the conventions which nominated Generals Taylor and Scott. During the summer of 1858 the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by Bowdoin College, of which institution he was for many years an overseer. In July, 1864, he was appointed by President Lincoln Secretary of the Treasury, in the place of Secretary Chase, resigned, and soon after received from Harvard University the degree of LL.D. Since his retirement from the



VIEW OF THE HANOVER STREET M. E. CHURCH, AT BOSTON, AFTER THE GALE OF THE 8TH OF SEPTEMBER.

Secretaryship of the Treasury he was once more re-elected to the United States Senate, his term expiring in 1871.

#### THE GREAT GALE IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE coast of Massachusetts and Rhode Island was visited on the 8th of September by the severest gale known there for thirty years. Houses were unroofed, steeples blown down, trees torn up, vessels blown on shore, and whole miles of country devastated. At Boston alone a million dollars' worth of property was destroyed, and there was a proportionate loss at other points. The famous Coliseum was the first prominent building seized by the hurricane, and in a few moments the west end and a large portion of the roof gave way with a loud crash. The other walls and the remainder of the roof were left standing, though in a strained condition. The gale swept with great fury, and seemed to take a peculiar fancy to church steeples and school-houses. The spire of the Hanover Street Methodist Church was blown off, and the famous cockerel, which has long been a mark for the pilots in Boston harbor, has disappeared. Our illustrations give a graphic view of the scene.

#### Pension Day at the Sub-Treasury, Wall Street, New York.

TO THE stranger in New York city there are few scenes and incidents more interesting than the spectacle presented at the United States Sub-Treasury, in Wall street, on pension days. One by one the veterans of the late war, and the widows and children of the soldiers who fell in battle or were cut down by disease, file into the office. The number of pensioners is very large, yet no one can say aught against the disbursement of the public money for this high and noble purpose.

Our illustration represents the payment of the pensions in the women's department.

#### CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLES.

BY SAMUEL BIRCH, LL.D., BRITISH MUSEUM.

SOME discussion has lately arisen in the English papers on the subject of the removal to England of one of the two obelisks of Alexandria, properly called Cleopatra's Needles. These obelisks are two monoliths of red granite or syenite, one erect, the other prostrate on the sand, lying close to the New Port of Alex-



SCENE ON NARRAGANSETT BAY, NEAR NEWPORT, DURING THE GREAT GALE OF THE 8TH SEPTEMBER.



andria. They formerly decorated the temple of Cæsar, and were removed for that purpose from the temple of Heliopolis. The erect obelisk is 62 feet high, and 7 feet 3 inches broad, at the base. It is placed on a square pedestal or base 6 feet 1-inch high, and 8 feet 10 inches broad, and this pedestal is supported by three granite steps.

The base of the obelisk underneath is not square, but rounded. It is kept on its base by a peculiar and appropriate masonry, which has in more recent times than its first erection replaced the bronze sockets by which it was kept upright. The obelisk which has fallen is partially if not entirely covered with sand, and is in all respects like its erect companion. Both obelisks have on each side three perpendicular lines of hieroglyphs, the central one on each side containing the names, titles, and dedications of Thotmes III., of the 18th dynasty, to Tiam, the god of Heliopolis. Thotmes III. was born about B. C. 1450. The two lateral lines have similar titles and dedications of Rameses II., of the 19th dynasty, who restored or finally erected, the monument, about B. C. 1320. There is nothing historically important in the inscriptions of either obelisk, which recite in a fulsome manner the titles of the monarchs, and their dedications to the gods of Heliopolis. Both obelisks have considerably suffered from the ravages of time, and the corrosion of the sea air. The north and east sides of the standing obelisk, which face the sea of the New Port, are almost entirely effaced, and almost half the height of these faces has disappeared. The condition of the fallen obelisk is as bad; the upper face has been considerably injured by the curiosity of travelers, and the traffic of natives, who have worn and obliterated the inscriptions by running upon it. The edges are also much chipped, and this obelisk is decidedly the "worse for wear." These obelisks are mentioned by Pliny as set up by Mesepes. These obelisks are of the fifth magnitude, being less than those of Karnak, Luxor, and Paris. At the base of one of these obelisks, in 1852, Mr. Scott Tucker, who examined it by direction of the Admiralty, found a small marble Roman sundial. The weight of the obelisk is reckoned about two hundred tons.

In 1801 the Egyptian Government presented the fallen obelisk to the British army; but, although a subscription was raised for the purpose, the idea of removal, from political considerations, was abandoned. In 1819 Mahomed Ali presented the obelisk a second time, to the Prince Regent, and a naval officer was sent to examine the feasibility of its removal. On account of its bad condition, and the want of deep water in the New Port of Alexandria, which would have required a jetty of considerable length from the obelisk to the stern of the transport destined to receive it, the undertaking was again deferred. The probable expense was estimated at \$60,000, and the subject dropped. In 1851 Mr. Hume, in the House of Commons, advocated its removal to England, and the probable cost was estimated at \$35,000. In 1852 Mr. Scott Tucker examined and made a model of the obelisk, but no action was taken. The subject of its removal has been again revived, but the bad condition of the monument, and the unfavorable opinion of its merit as a fine work of ancient Egyptian art worthy of being placed in the metropolis, will probably cause the subject to die out as before. Projects have been, indeed, mentioned of erecting it again in situ, or transferring it to some public place in Alexandria, but the enterprise exceeds the power of the Egyptian Government, and is not likely to be undertaken by the British. In 1867 the subject was again mooted, as the ground on which it stood had been purchased of the Egyptian Government, and the railway from Runieh to Canopus passes close to the standing obelisk, which lies about fifty-seven paces from its fallen companion. The new landlord of the soil wishes to get rid of so unprofitable a tenant, which paid no rent and prevented the erection of the houses which he intended to build. He consequently applied to the Egyptian Government to eject the tenant, and as that Government was neither able nor willing, and the British authorities were not prepared or desirous of undertaking the task, the obelisk has consequently disappeared in the bowels of the earth, and forms the foundation of a house, which will have to be pulled down should the attempt to remove it be ever seriously entertained. Several sites have been proposed for its erection in England, if removed. It has been formerly offered to the Crystal Palace, but declined. The centre of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields or the court-yard of the British Museum have been mentioned as appropriate places, but it is more than doubtful if it could encounter the severity of a British winter, the obelisk of Paris having suffered much by its transfer from the Nile to the Seine, and the numerous obelisks at Rome offering to the eye a haggard and worn-out appearance, their youthful freshness and sharpness of thousands of years having disappeared even under the blue skies and mild showers of Italy.

#### PRIVATE MENAGERIES.

A WRITER in one of the evening journals of this city informs the public that the rage among gentlemen of independent means, at this time, is the collecting of wild beasts for private menageries. The amateur collectors, the correspondent goes on to say, are naturally fond of wild beasts, and devote all their time and money to importing them. The animals are kept in cages which line the back yards of the dealers. On one side you hear a lion roar, upon the other apes gibber and leopards change their spots; for if they don't like one they go to another. They have their good and bad seasons, their agents and correspondents, their fluctuations in trade, just as people in other businesses have. The scale of prices of wild beasts in New York is regulated by their rarity, size, species, and the expenses attendant upon their capture and keep.

The hippopotamus and the gnu are the most highly prized of all wild beasts. Showmen, indeed, may be said to be always on the lookout for something gnu.

It brings about \$1,800; a hippopotamus brings \$5,000; a lion, \$2,000; an elephant, \$4,500; a giraffe, \$3,900; a Bengal tiger, \$2,000; a leopard, \$900; a hyena, \$600; an ostrich, \$300.

Within the last three years one of the foremost houses have sold six giraffes, two hippopotami, twenty lions, twelve elephants, twelve ostriches, and eight hyenas, making an annual business of \$40,000.

One of the chief occupants of the menagerie premises into which I went is a female monkey, who is the most celebrated pickpocket in New York. Her name is Vic, and she can whisk the watch out of your pocket with the imperceptible touch of a Robert Houdin or a Blitz. Most of these beasts are cannibals of the deepest dye.

A large trade is likewise carried on in monkeys, which are valuable according to their various capabilities. A box containing 6 inches \$250, a black snake \$40. These snakes, like the Chinese, are fond of rats; but if they are overfed their temper becomes insupportably malignant. Their food appears to affect their brains, and their disease may be said to be a rush of rats to the head. The bird business in this, as in all large cities, forms a distinct trade in itself.

**PUBLIC PLEASURE GROUNDS.**—A leading city at the West, which is now agitating the laying out of a great public park, has taken the pains to collect, and has presented, in an elaborate report, statistics giving the area of nearly all the leading pleasure grounds of Europe and America. These statistics are worth condensing and giving, if only to show, says the *Evening Post*, that our Central Park stands at the head of the list in the United States; while it is little behind some of the most celebrated abroad in extent, surpassing some of them in area, as it certainly does nearly all of them in advantages and beauty. Windsor Park, England, has 2,800 acres; Richmond, 2,400 acres; Hampton Court and Burley, 1,812 acres. In London, Hyde Park has 359 acres; Regents, 478 acres; Battersea, 175 acres; St. James, 65 acres; Kensington, 262, and Green, 65 acres. Phoenix Park, Dublin, has 1,752 acres; Birkenhead Park, Liverpool, has 182 acres, laid out under the direction of Sir Joseph Paxton. The Bois de Boulogne, near Paris, has 2,158 acres; 875 of which are open turf, 607, woods, 174, water, 365 acres in roads, 171 in nurseries and flower-beds. The Tiergarten at Berlin comprises 200 acres. The Tzarskoe Selo summer garden, at St. Petersburg, is 550 acres. Boston Common and the Providence (R. I.) Park are each a mile in circumference. Philadelphia is going to have a park some time or other, by means of the extension of Fairmount Park, which will include 2,700 acres. Washington, D. C., proposes, or talks of laying out a park, east of Rock Creek and north of Columbia College, which will include 1,800 acres. Druid Hill Park, Baltimore, has 550 acres, which have cost, with improvements to the present time, \$1,302,410.61. Battersea Park, in the same city, has 135 1/2 acres, and Clifton Park, owned by Mr. Hopkins, has lately been given to the city. Prospect Park, Brooklyn, has 550 acres, and promises to be one of the finest public grounds in the world. Cincinnati has a park of 150 acres. St. Louis has 287 acres of public grounds, distributed among 15 small parks; and Chicago is going to have a large park, and has 126 acres of public grounds in small parks now. All we need say of Central Park in this city is, that it is two and a half miles long, half a mile wide, and contains 322 acres, or more land than there is in Hyde Park, Green, St. James and Battersea, in London, combined.

**THE CORN-GROWING SECTION OF THE HUMAN CORPUS.**—In commencing at the head and going down to the foot, we do not wish to set an example for you to follow; for it is much more honorable and praiseworthy in most conditions of life to begin at the foot and gradually work up to the head. The foot is the only corn-growing section on the human frame. In all the walks of life, to say nothing about the runs, the foot plays an important part. Without it there would not be any promising shoemakers. The light fantastic toe could have no existence, and dancing would be unknown, unless people danced upon their heads, which, for obvious reasons, couldn't be indulged in very conveniently. A foot in long measure is twelve inches, but we have seen it where it overran twenty. Big feet have been a serious puzzle to scientific men before now. Some of them have contended that they are live things, with breathing apparatus and bowels. The propensity that feet often exhibit to go astray, and walk in by and forbidden paths, shows that they are more than half human. With the Chinese, small feet are highly prized, and the measure of female loveliness is (in a measure) the shoemaker's measure of her foot. The lady who requires the most support in walking, is the most charming to the almond-eyed Celestials. A Chinese romance begins as follows: "Soe Sly, the daughter of the Philosopher Foo Foo, was fairer than rice and more graceful than the bamboo. Her foot was no longer than her finger, and when she walked she tottered with most engaging helplessness." In romances of the chivalric period we frequently read of a *petit pied*, which is not only ungrammatical, but is manifestly inconsistent. It is no more paradoxical, however, than to say a dancing-master is a good hand with his feet, as you sometimes hear. Fleet-footed people do not run the best always. Mr. John Bows can run half a mile in a minute; and yet he was once beaten in a race for the office of postmaster, in a small village of Kent, by a wooden-legged man. The best run at billiards we ever saw, was by a man who had but one leg. Readers, let us entreat you to pause often and scan closely the paths in which your feet are walking.

**AN INTELLIGENT DOG.**—A curious instance of canine intelligence occurred during some late operations against the brigands in the province of Naples. A detachment of cavalry having arrived about daybreak at a small wood in which they had reason to believe that a number of bandits were concealed, observed a little dog, which had been evidently placed on the watch, rise up, bark furiously, and at the same time run about in all directions. The soldiers, perceiving that the animal was giving the alarm, hastened forward, but only found in the interior of the wood traces of the recent departure of the party of which they were in search. The officer in command, vexed at missing an important capture, drew his pistol and fired at the four-footed sentinel, which, with a howl, rolled over on its back, and lay completely motionless. The squadron continued its march, but a quarter of an hour later, one of the men, happening to turn round, observed the same dog they had just before left for dead on the ground dodging about behind the trees in their rear, as if to watch them. The animal was captured, and found not to have had a hair touched by the shot fired at it; it had evidently feigned death in order to be able to continue its functions of vidette. The prisoner's life was not only preserved, but it was admitted into the regiment, and will, if possible, be taught to render service in discovering the haunts of its former masters.

**NO SPANISH SAINTS IN HEAVEN.**—It is related of the whimsical Dominican monk Bocco, that he had a great dislike to tobacco, and when once preaching to a crowd of Spanish sailors he astonished them by telling them that there were no Spanish saints in heaven. A few, he said, had been admitted, but they smoked so many cigars that they made the Holy Virgin sick, and St. Peter got his wits to work to get them out. At length he proclaimed that a bull-fight was to be held outside the gates of Paradise. Thereupon every Spanish saint, without exception, ran off to see the fight, and St. Peter immediately closed the gate and took care never to admit another Spaniard.

#### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

**BRIEF periods.**—Law terms.  
**HARBOR drink.**—Port wine.  
**"Hop prospects."**—Balls to come.  
**SKY-LIGHTS.**—The sun, moon, and stars.  
**A CRYSTAL GHOST.**—A glass shade.  
**EPITAPH on a billiard player.**—The long rest.  
**FASHIONABLE gymnastics.**—Saratoga Springs.  
**A WAGGISH narrative.**—A dog's tail.  
**The child of the sea.**—The harbor buoy.  
**The hardness of life.**—The traces of time.  
**HOUSEHOLD words.**—"You wretch!" "You brute!"  
**A SOCIAL glass to which ladies are addicted.**—The mirror.  
**GALLOPING consumption.**—Dinner at a railway restaurant.  
**FREE translation.**—Sotto voce. In a drunken voice.  
**The canine fancy.**—Too often the calf of one's leg.  
**WHEN do men's heads resemble their dwellings?** When they are covered with tiles.  
**MARRIAGE.**—An altar on which a man lays his pocket-book, and a woman her love-letters.  
**"PUT money in thy purse,"** as the pick-pocket said when he robbed a man of an empty one.  
**A NEWSPAPER advertisement calls for a plain cook,** able to dress a little boy five years old.  
**The most suitable window for a single lady** when on the lookout—A bow.  
**HOW MANY ladies** would it take to reach from New York to Saratoga? 183; because a miss is as good as a mile.

**WHEN did the alphabet get into a row?**—When A bet, B bit, C cried, N raged, Q bit, and X pounded.

**A CALIFORNIA butcher** is described as owning dogs enough to make an Atlantic cable of Bologna sausages.

**THE LAST THING IN DOMESTICS.**—Lady: Can you wash and iron?  
Domestic: Oh yes, 'm; but your place wouldn't suit me unless you "knocked off" wearing them long Holland dresses of a morning.

**"BRIDGET,"** what have you done with the cream? Those children cannot drink skim-milk for breakfast.  
"Shure, marm, and it isn't myself that would be after givin' the acum to yees. I tak that off and give it to the cats."

**TWO OLD ladies,** who were known to be of the same age, had the same desire to keep the real number concealed. One used, therefore, every New Year's day to visit the other, and say:  
"Madame, I am come to know how old we are to be this year?"

**BEAUTY NO OBJECT.**—A strong-minded woman was heard to remark the other day that she would marry a man who had plenty of money, though he was so ugly she had to scream every time she looked at him.

**THE OLD STORY.**  
"The sails are set and the breeze is up,  
And the prow is turned for a northern sea;  
Kiss my cheek and vow me a vow  
That you will ever be true to me!"

"I kiss your cheek, and I kiss your lips;  
Never a change this heart shall know;  
Whatever betide—come life, come death—  
Darling, darling, I love you so."

Oh, but the northern nights are keen!  
The sailor clings to the frozen shrouds;  
A kiss burns hot through his dreams of home,  
And his heart goes south thro' the flying clouds.

The maiden laughs by the garden gate—  
Dreams of love are the sweetest o'er!  
Kisses fall on her lips and hair,  
And the world goes on as it went before.

**MR. G—**, who had by degrees become so attached to his cups that he could not comfortably go by eleven o'clock without his "nip" of brandy, and who was yet anxious to avoid the suspicion of being an habitual drinker, was in the habit daily of inventing some excuse to the barkeeper and those within hearing. He had used up a' the stereotyped reasons, such as "a slight pain," "a kind of sinking," not "feeling right," etc. On Saturday, at the usual hour, he called for his brandy-and-water, saying, "I am extremely dry; I am going to have salt fish for dinner!"

**TWO peddlers on a tramp** in one of the border counties came near to a farmhouse, the proprietor of which was remarkable in the locality for his credulous disposition. One of the peddlers entered some little time before the other, and, in course of conversation, told the farmer that just as he came along he had seen one of the largest eggs it had ever been his luck to see or hear of—it was so large that it nearly filled a common hay-wagon, and required a couple of horses to draw it along.

The farmer looked at him in perfect astonishment, hardly able to swallow such an enormous egg, when in stepped peddler No. 2, who, after exchanging the usual civilities, was asked if there was anything new from his district.  
"Well," said he, "as I was passing through M— (naming a village some miles distant), about midday it got very dark, so dark, in fact, that the villagers, in speechless awe, rushed out to the street to see if they could find a cause for such a wonderful darkness, when, looking upward, they espied a very large bird, with its wings spread out, leisurely sailing over the village."

Up jumped the farmer, and slapped peddler No. 1 on the shoulder. "That," said he, "must have been the 'Bigger' that laid your big egg."

**AMONG the many inventions** now before the public for lessening the danger of marine travel, the Cork Life Preserver, introduced by Thomas R. Scott, of New York, bears the highest guarantee against drowning. It is simple and durable in construction, is easily adjusted, and when secured to the person, cannot be displaced while in the water. These Preservers have been thoroughly tested, and have never failed to pass Government inspection. They occupy but little space, and should form a part of every ocean traveler's outfit.

**RATS FOND OF WHISKY.**—At Altoona, Ill., recently a servant-girl tried whisky to kill rats. She sweetened it with sugar, soaked bread in it, and then left the bread in the cellar, where rats "most do congregate." She had been up-stairs but half an hour when she heard a general hubbub below-stairs. She accordingly went to see what was the matter. Imagine her astonishment to find about a dozen rats gloriously fuddled, engaged in throwing potato parings at each other, and hauling one another up to drink.

#### A DEFENSIVE MEDICINE.

"In time of peace prepare for war," is a sound military maxim. "Let not the sickly season find you unprepared," is an equally good rule in medical jurisprudence. The man must be made of iron who finds himself at the close of summer as strong as at its commencement. Such a phenomenon is rare, even among the most robust of the human family. Muscular and constitutional vigor coaxes out of us in the broiling weather of July and August, and a few of us, at the opening of the Fall, are in the best possible condition to defy the unhealthy influences of the season.

Fever and ague and bilious remittent fevers, together with a variety of complaints that affect the digestive organs, the liver and the bowels, form a portion of the Autumn programme. Bear in mind that exhaustion invites these disorders, and that staminal vigor enables the system to repel them. "To be weak is to be miserable," says Satan to his defeated legions in "Paradise Lost," and the axiom is correct, though it comes from an evil source.

Ho! then, ye weak and feeble, fortify yourselves against the invisible enemy that pervades the Autumn air. The best defense against miasma is a course of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This rare vegetable tonic will improve your appetite, stimulate your digestion, give firmness to your nerves, invigorate your muscular fibre, regulate your secretion, cheer your spirits, and put your entire physique in perfect working order. It is easily done. The standard tonic and alterative which will recuperate and build you up, is not "bad to take," but on the contrary, a pleasant medicine.

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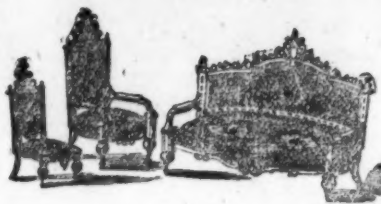
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